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THE INFANT HARPER

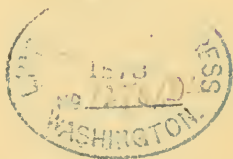
AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

MARY J. WINES

14



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To
PHŒBE SWART,
A BELOVED AUNT,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY HER LOVING NIECE,

THE AUTHOR.

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P O E M S .

THE INFANT HARPER.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

MORN, rising from the shadowy couch of Night,
Flung forth its golden banners in the air,
And radiant Summer spread her glittering robe,
Smiling her brightest smile. Nature, rejoicing
At the joyous mood, quickly aroused her slumbering
Choir, and bade an anthem grand of thanks
And joy arise.

It was a glorious morn. The noble
Hudson, like a sea of glass, gave freely forth
The images of earth and sky, and seemed
With an unwonted majesty to bear the countless
Burdens on its yielding breast. Soft rocked
The white-winged barks upon the polished tide,
And stately vessels, bearing precious freights,
Rode proudly on their way.

One, grander than the
Rest, cast off its moorings from the city's shore,
With human life replete, and happy souls
That gazed from pleasure-beaming eyes,
While soft, melodious strains resounded o'er
The deck — sweet melody, wrung by an aged
Harper's hand from his long-cherished instrument.

From out the goodly throng of great and small
There came a toddling child — a beauteous bright-
Eyed boy. Three summers had not breathed upon
That infant brow, yet on it seemed to rest a
Crown of grace and wisdom strange to see.

The little feet went pattering on, till standing
By the harper's side it paused, and with a
Witching smile gazed in the old man's face,
And seeming there to read a pleased consent,
Stretched forth its baby hand and touched
The harp. Chord after chord the little fingers
stirred,
And pure delight shone on its earnest face,
While prattling words of sweetest joy, and a soft,
Rippling laugh broke from the infant lips.

O bud of innocence and beauty
Rare, no shadow fell upon thy snowy brow,
No warning gleam shone from thy starry eyes,
No mystic voice breathed in thy mother's ear
That she her darling child must lay in Death's
Cold, cruel arms.

All day the infant lingered
Round the harp, listening, and aiding with its
Gentle touch, bound as it were by some
Enchanting spell, watched by a tender mother
And a father fond, who watching dreamed
Of years to come, and built grand, airy castles
For their only child.

Scarce had the vessel touched
The distant shore, when striding on through
The deep gloom of night, came the pale spectre,
Death, to claim the child.

O weeping mother,
Thou must give thy jewel up. A host of
Angels watching o'er to-day beheld thy raptured
Infant's wondrous skill, and yearned to teach
The little hands to sound the strings of
Heaven's harp.

Again morn shed its beams bright
As before, and homeward turned the quickly
Speeding bark. The old man, waiting by his
Silent harp, watching the gathering throng,
Beheld with wondering eyes the parents of the
Child come slowly on. Soon stepped he forth,
And with an eager voice exclaimed, "Where is
The boy?" Fast fell the mother's tears,
The father, pointing to an uncouth box
Which held the precious form, in quivering tones
Of woe, replied: "There, there! O God of
Heaven, there!"

A tear stole o'er the harper's withered cheek,
As with a trembling hand he woke the slumbering
Strings, now sacred from the holy touch of those
Sweet cherub hands.

O weeping mother, dry thy
Bitter tears. Bright angels guide thy darling
Infant's steps, now safe from all earth's dark
And treacherous paths, and foremost in the
Cherub infant throng thy loved one stands,
Sounding the heavenly strains which thrill
And echo from the harps of Paradise.

THE ANGEL COMFORTER.

CHILD of earth, lift up thy drooping head, cast from
Thy aching breast its burden of despair and woe.
Thou art not friendless — thou art not alone,
Though mortal heart may not respond with
Tender sympathy, nor mortal eye cast on thee
Glance of love or care, — though round thy stricken
form

The wild storm beats and o'er thy heart, unheeded
By the world, break the black waves of sorrow, still
Thou art not alone, thou art not all unheeded in
Thy bitter woe.

Listen ! 'tis not a mortal tongue that
Speaks to thee, nor does thy mortal ear receive the
Whispers soft we breathe ; but to thy captive soul
We fain would sing sweet songs of love and joy.

Think'st thou within the land of life
And light, the land of holy love and endless bliss,
There dwell no souls who watch with tender care
and

Soothing love o'er earth's afflicted ones ? Think'st
thou the

Loving hearts, of all the dear ones from thy vision
gone,

Have cast the God-like germ from out their souls
And revel now in Heaven's joys less in the image
Of their Father, God, than when on earth they
dwelt?

Could'st thou but lift the blinding veil and see how
Near thy loved ones are—how near the realms
that seem

To thee so far—thou wouldst forever cease to
mourn.

The darkened glass through which thy soul doth
gaze

Rewards thee with no glimpse of the bright glory
Round thee spread. No wall can hide thee from
thy

Spirit-friends—no veil conceal the anguish of thy
heart—

No law of Heaven forbids that we should linger near
With holy sympathy and loving, watchful care.

We once like you were bound in
Mortal chains, and like your glass was ours all dark
And dim, our spirits, wearied with the cares and
woes of

Earth, did pine for holy light and heavenly rest;
Our mortal forms were captives to the dread pres-
ence

Of disease, and the dark shadow of grim Death did
stand

Before our frightened souls in awful majesty;
through

Our deceiving glass earth's brightness vanished
'neath a sable robe ;

Clouds and darkness were about us, but — to
Our Father endless praise be given — we've triumphed

Over death and gloom, and revel in the glorious
light

Of God. O Light, Light, Light ! O Truth, Truth,
Truth !

Ye pearls of priceless worth, ye stars of Heaven's
own

Realm, ye royal gems of immortality that stud the
Crowns of angels and decorate the translucent walls
Of Paradise.

Child of earth ! let not your heart be
Troubled. Believe in God, believe in his omnipotence

And wisdom infinite, and though thy mortal vision
Fail to penetrate the mystery which surrounds
Thy tenement of clay, fear not but trust thy
Father's love that gives his angels charge concerning thee.

IMMORTALITY.

WORLDLY ambition leads mankind to grovel in the
dust,
Else would the children of the King of kings lift up
Their heads and walk the earth with a far nobler
mien ;
Delving amid the mire of selfish greed, they heed
No sound but that which rises from the din of
earthly
Strife. Majestic nature opes her mouth in vain,
Singing her song of endless life.

Were it not thus,
Each floating cloud would bear the breath of praise
Up to the heavenly hills, and rocks and mountains
Echo with the glad pæans of joy, while from the
altar of
Each human heart the holy incense of true grati-
tude
Would rise, adoring the Great Giver of the won-
drous gift.

Down to the lowest depths of earthly gloom the
Richness of this vast inheritance doth shine. A
loving
Father's hand lifting the treasure from the Eternal

Throne, hath placed it where his children all may
see,
And seeing, feel the vanity of earthly dross, when
all
Have equal share of this great gift.

Time's boisterous waves
Can never quench its light, nor dim the brightness
Of its heavenly beams. Death and the grave cast
not
One shade to mingle with its rays. Safe from all
Mortal blight it rests secure on the blest shores
Of vast eternity.

Yet ever prone the human will
To grasp at shadows, and earth's fading joys, train-
ing
The captive soul to crush each struggling wish to
rise
Superior to its low estate, and bend a willing slave
To guard earth's treasures frail — till storms of
Trouble quench ambition's fire, and mortal heart
Strings touched by dire affliction's hand send forth
No longer notes of selfish joy, but sad and grievous
sounds,
That force the stubborn will to loose its grasp of
power,
And let the captive rise to hold aspiring thoughts,
And look above and yearn for home and rest.

Yet some there
Are among the mortal host who wander through the
Gloomy paths of doubt with senses buried in a
cloud of

Unbelief. Such see the earthly and believe in
earthly things,
While all things hidden are as naught. The dull
soul
Scorns the power of faith causing the blind to see,
Yet scorning ever, still no rest is found. The
haunted
Mind still dreams of a superior state, and as a bark
With rudder lost, floats here and there upon the tide.

Poor doubting mortal, canst thou never find in
All thy weary search for light and truth a spot
whereon
Thy troubled soul may rest? In fear and trembling
thou
Dost pass thy days, saying within thyself, "I'm
living now,
But shall I live again when death and sad decay
have
Wrought their hideous work — when worms are
feasting
On this mortal mould, and crumbling dust and
Ashes lie where one, the perfect form of man, in
God's own image lay? Oh, can it be that from the
ruin
Of this wondrous work a subtle shadow, viewless as
the
Wind, shall rise, yet holding still the power to think
And reason as a man? Where is the proof? Oh
for a

Light to pierce the darkness of my doubt and show
To my bewildered mind truth, truth eternal and
Unchanging as the heavens must be."

Dost ask for light, man?
Thou art blind — Jehovah's dazzling torch now
blazes

At thy side; stretch forth thy hand, grasp Nature's
Glorious book, read from its mighty pages life on
life.

The simplest flower lifting its modest head beneath
The forest shade can tell thee this. Its form may
wither,

Root decay, yet still the germ remains. Grasp
Nature's

Heavenly chain and bind it round thy heart. Its
Wondrous links will teach thee death and seeming
Sad decay is but new life — is but a change, a
mingling

Of new substance with the old. Lift up thy head,
And lo! each shining star sings to thy soul
Of the celestial realms of immortality.

PROOF OF THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

WHY is it that the soul, unsatisfied

With all the pleasures and the joys of earth,
Still reaches out amid creation wide,

Like one who seeks the land that gave him birth?

A lonely wanderer from his native shore,

With tender yearnings that no power can quell,
Turns from gay scenes that he may linger o'er,
Yet never satisfied for long to dwell.

The grandest joys of earth cannot impart

A lasting pleasure to the yearning soul,
And that which for a time contents the heart,
Ne'er stills the cravings for a brighter goal.

Even the untutored mind with naught to urge or
guide,

Save Nature in her deathless thrilling song,
Sends forth the soul upon a journey wide

To learn the meaning of the prompting strong.

Why is it that such doubts and fears will rise?

Such clinging thoughts of what there is to be?
The mind still searching earth, and sea, and skies,
To understand the soul's true destiny?

Sleep is a mystery as great as that of death,
 When undisturbed by feeling, thought, or dream,
 The mortal lieth, holding naught but breath,
 While of the spirit thou canst find no gleam.

Still to the mortal clings the mystic chain
 That binds the spirit, and the heart throbs on,
 And quiet reigns within the senseless brain,
 The spirit waits till human strength is won.

All is dark mystery to the searching soul,
 Why it is bound, and why it gropeth blind,
 And restless waves of thought forever roll
 The meaning of this mystery to find.

Why is it, all this eager, sublime yearning —
 This strife that thrills man on the earthly sod,
 These subtle wants, this restless, ceaseless burning
 Desire to scale the heights that lead to God?

Is it not proof that something more than earth
 Is ever striving with the captive soul?
 Is it not proof there is a nobler birth,
 A grander life, a brighter, happier goal?

Were it not that the soul's home is not here,
 Man ever would unthinking laugh and feast,
 Without concern, or thought of care or fear,
 Contented as the roaming forest beast.

14 PROOF OF THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

And never would he seek, or need, a light
 Brighter or purer than the light below,
And on Earth's mystery and Nature's might
 He never would an earnest thought bestow.

What is the theme of Nature's endless song,
 Forever rising from the teeming sod?
Life, springing from decay, in beauty strong,
 Forever fostered 'neath the smile of God.

What is the song the radiant stars yet sing,
 The thrilling strain that through the ages ran,
The notes that now through heavenly arches ring?
 Eternal Light! Eternal Life to man!

SPIRIT YEARNINGS.

MORTAL.

Cease, restless Spirit, make thyself content, no
longer beat

Thy weary wings against earth's prison bars, and
yearn,

And sigh for joys beyond thy grasp! Dost thou
disdain

My teachings, and disregard my wish to keep thee
well?

I am thy master, but thou wouldst have me slave,
To move at thy wild bidding, and carry out thy
crazy whims!

Thou art ungrateful for the care bestowed! I strive
to

Gratify thee through the mortal sense, and hold
earth's

Sweetest chalice to thy thirsty lips, but with cold
looks

Of proud disdain thou dost reject the honeyed
draught,

And turn, with thoughts akin to scorn, from my de-
sire

To make thee all content! What couldst thou ask
more?

Speak, Spirit! of what dost thou complain, and
wherefore

Dost thou weary of my ownership? Truly, I am
thy master —

But thou art a proud, rebellious slave!

SPIRIT.

Mortal, I answer thee, but all my speech is vain,
For ofttimes I have strove to win thee to my
cause.

I would not murmur at my appointed lot, for
Wisdom infinite hath bound me to thy side; but
not,

As thou wouldst have me feel, to be thy slave!

Without me thou art naught; but thy despotic na-
ture

Hath usurped my equal rights, and all too well I
feel

Thy sordid power. Thou dost require of me much
that

My finer sense rejects, much that seems needless for
Thy mortal good, and thou wouldst ever spur me
On to thoughts and deeds my judgment must de-
spise!

Through all thy plans a selfish current runs, and
thy

Ambition points a groveling state of bliss. When
thy

Material nature suffers no restraint, and ill-betides
Thy course, I too must bear the blame, as though
my

Own requirements were as palpable as thine. In
all

Thy pleasures I no real bliss can find ; thy joys
Are fleeting as a midnight dream. Truly, thy
teachings

Ofttimes weary me, and I grow sad, like one far
from

His native home, while far-off mystic voices ever
seem

To call and urge me on to deeds of higher, nobler
aim.

By the dim light of earth I reach to grasp the out-
stretched

Hand of Truth, yet by false steps I stumble in the
maze

Of mystery. Something between us seems amiss.

Thou art too exacting in thy selfish ways, and far

Too blindly I submit to thy debasing sway.

No, I am not content, nor does high Heaven

Demand more than a meek submission to my short
exile.

With thee my home seems darkness, and my

Destined progress slow, but in my Father's house

I'll fold my weary wings, and bask in Truth's

Celestial beams, from the dazzling throne of God.

THE TWO VOICES.

Two voices whisper to the soul,
And different counsel give ;
One breathes a pure and holy strain,
That tells man how to live ;
'Tis the good angel sent to urge,
And guide us on the way
That leads to happiness and peace,
And realms of endless day.

Oh, fair must be the shining form
That lingers at our side,
In patience, gentleness, and love,
Striving our souls to guide ;
And ever bidding us beware
The tempter's subtle voice,
Showing each dark and evil step,
And wisdom's perfect choice.

And still the other voice cries, Come,
No harm shall fall on thee ;
Do thou this thing, and thou shalt find
'Twill to thy interest be !
Perchance thou art persuaded,
And the tempter triumphs o'er,
Still cries the gentle voice of love,
Do thou this sin no more.

Ever through life these spirit forms,
One clad in robes of light,
And one in hideous garb of sin,
Black as the shades of night;
One pleading, striving, still to teach
God's holy lesson well;
The other striving still to urge
Thee to the gates of Hell.

Oh, list to the good angel's voice,
And scorn the tempter's song;
Heed not, though cheering sound the words,
They lead to shame and wrong:
Love's counsel from the throne of God,
For man's salvation given,
Will gain for thee a home of joy,
Amid the bowers of Heaven.

A PRAYER.

FATHER, guide our wandering footsteps
While we tread earth's shadowy vale,
And uphold our sinking spirits
When all earthly hopes shall fail.

Let bright sunbeams of Thy wisdom
Fall upon each path of gloom,
And unveil the dazzling splendor
Of the star that gilds the tomb.

For we see Thy face but dimly,
And we cry to Thee for light,
Knowing well Thou art not willing
We should grope in error's night.

We are weak and sinful creatures ;
Give us strength to do Thy will,
And — that we may know Thee better —
Our souls with Thy glory fill.

Oh ! teach us ever to remember
That we are children of one sire ;
And in our hearts we pray Thee, Father,
Quench the flames of selfish fire.

Make us feel that e'en the lowest
Fallen creature on the sod,
Yet too low hath never fallen
For the notice of his God.

Earthly days are swiftly passing —
Time with us will soon be o'er ;
Aid us to win the crowns of beauty
Angels wear on Life's bright shore.

Hear us, Father, we beseech Thee !
In Thy radiant home above :
May our souls for aye find shelter
In Thy mercy and Thy love !

THE HEAVENLY MONITOR.

I HEARD a sweet voice from God's mountain,
Cry aloud to the children of earth,
Saying, Drink ye from wisdom's bright fountain,
And prepare for thy soul's second birth.

Lift up your bowed heads, O ye mortals,
Behold where eternal wealth shines,
See the radiance that streams from yon portals,
The true splendor that round them entwines.

The dull treasure ye seek with such caution,
The cold fingers of death will not hold,
For the just there awaiteth a portion,
Far richer and purer than gold.

True glory, and honor, and power,
Blazing suns on eternity's shore,
When, with profit is ended thine hour,
Shall their glorified radiance pour.

Thou art crowned with the stars of the morning,
Thou art robed in a garment of light,
When thy spirit earth's sordid wings scorning,
Proud and true graspeth ever the right.

Then lift up your heads, O ye mortals,
Behold where eternal wealth gleams,
God's throne-light now streams from yon portals, —
Arise ye, and bask in its beams.

CHEER UP, POOR HEART.

CHEER up, poor heart! though thou art faint and weary,

And sadness holds its revels in thy halls,
All dark with clouds of grief and desolation,
And fearful phantoms pictured on the walls.
Heed not, though earth's wild storms may strike thee rudely,

For every sorrow thou shalt find a balm;
Let hope's celestial sunbeams ever warm thee, —
After the tempest comes a heavenly calm.

Cheer up, poor soul! give strength unto the mortal,
Assist the mind to see great wisdom's light;
Cast from the quivering lips the bitter chalice,
And lend thine aid to make the earth look bright.
Fair Nature smiles; her lap is filled with flowers,
She spreads her arms, and bids thee solace find
For many seeming ills and vanished pleasures,
And all her whispers soft are true and kind.

Cheer up, poor heart! though in thy depths is hidden
A fount that rises from deep sorrow's sea;
From heavenly skies bright rays of joy are falling,
And soon the cheering beams may rest on thee.

Baptized in woe, and vain thy fondest wishes,
Still firmly step along thy darkened way,
For the storm-cloud still holds the bow of promise,
And blackest shadows wake the dawning day.

GOD IS LOVE.

'Tis written 'mid the radiant stars
That blaze above,
And by the sunbeam's quivering bars,
That God is love.

'Tis written 'mid the spires of grass,
In vale and grove,
And breathed by zephyrs as you pass,
Our God is love.

The simplest flower that lifts its head
The sod above,
With all its leaves of beauty spread,
Smiles God is love.

The countless throng of beauteous birds,
That wildly rove
In joyous songs of mystic words,
Sing God is love.

The babbling brooks and rippling rills
All sweetly prove,
In murmuring vespers 'mid the hills,
That God is love.

It is the song the angels sing
In heaven above,
And Nature's echoes from the chorus ring
Our God is love.

THE HOME OF THE WEARY.

ON the banks of the mystic shore,
Where the star of life fades never,
Where wait the loved who have gone before,
Whose joys are joys forever.
Where skies by storm-clouds ne'er grow dark,
Where love and peace are glowing,
And the soul may launch its spirit bark
On the waves of truth, there flowing.

ON the banks of the mystic shore,
Where the Paradise bowers are shining,
Where immortal flowers their fragrance pour,
Rich garlands are ever twining.
A labor of love by angel hands,
For the dear ones earth is keeping.
When the spirit shall walk with immortal bands,
While the mortal in dust is sleeping.

ON the banks of the mystic shore,
Where the weary shall rest forever,
When earth's dread cares and woes are o'er,
Where the anguish tear falls never,
Guide safe, O God, to the shining strand
The storm-tossed bark of mortals,
That, crowned with joy, we all may stand
Within the heavenly portals.

GREENWOOD.

THOU beauteous City of the Dead ;
Thou sacred shrine of fear and trust ;
With holy awe our hearts are led,
To view thy precious dust.

Behold, 'tis like a heavenly bower,
So glorious is the landscape bright ;
Each radiant bud, each glowing flower,
Dwells in a realm of light.

How calm, how sweet ; there is no gloom ;
It rests the weary soul to gaze
Upon each shining, peaceful tomb,
Where gleam immortal rays.

Here deep and yearning thoughts must rise,
And captive spirit strive to gain
A glimpse of comfort from the skies,
That soothes like seraph strain.

Ah, listen, soul ; the angels sing
Of life and light, of joy and love ;
And through all earth the echoes ring,
Life, light, and joy above.

Immortal life ! a theme not vain,
That must the soul of man inspire,
And cause his lips to join the strain,
' Touched with prophetic fire.

Why should we drop one tear of grief
O'er the dear forms that moulder here ?
Though earthly years be long or brief,
They're filled with woe and fear.

Thou precious dust, in silence sleep ;
Thy life hath found a nobler birth ;
Though breath of ages o'er thee sweep,
Still minglest thou with earth.

Dust, dust, this form by spirit stirred ;
Where find we room for worldly pride,
When through all time Death's voice is heard,
And all its doors swing wide ?

O sacred spot, let no vain thought
Of mortal consequence intrude ;
Let no rude sound by folly wrought
Break thy sweet solitude.

GOOD DEEDS ARE THE HOLIEST PRAYERS.

IN the dim and shadowy twilight,
When the voice of the dying day
Sings to the soul in a solemn strain,
From earth thou art passing away ;
The startled heart throws off its burden
Of worldly ambition and care,
And seeks to atone for transgression
In a season of penitent prayer.

It is well for the heart in thus feeling
That an offering to Heaven is due,
For the folly and sins of its nature
Naught can hide from God's mighty view.
But does prayer fit the soul for heaven ?
Can good thoughts alone cleanse the heart ?
It is thine to *work* in God's vineyard ;
How well hast thou done thy part ?

Is thy hand ever stretched to the fallen ?
Is there balm in thy heart for a woe ?
Hast thou strengthened the hungry and fainting ?
Hast thou covered the wretched and low ?
Hast thou sought to lighten the burden
Of earth's weary ones' sorrows and cares ?
If so, thou art blest in thy labors —
Good deeds are the holiest prayers.

32 GOOD DEEDS ARE THE HOLIEST PRAYERS.

Ye to whom the good Father has given
Home, wealth, and the heart's dearest friends,
Think ye prayers will cancel your errors
If ye squander the treasure He lends?
Take heed — in the day of sure reckoning
He will gather the wheat from the tares,
And say to the soul lacking fitness,
“Good deeds are the holiest prayers.”

LOVE.

Now while the solemn stars their holy watch are
 keeping,
And midnight shadows gather o'er the quiet
 earth,
A sweet, mysterious spell seems all my senses steep-
 ing,
And light and joy within my soul have birth.

Soft as a zephyr song upon my ear is breaking
 A grand, harmonious strain from Nature's sacred
 lyre,
So thrilling in its power each sluggish sense is
 waking,
To catch the inspiring tones that burn with
 heavenly fire.

How glorious is the theme the mystic song is
 sounding,
How rich and boundless is the omniscient plan,
How free the grace, how mighty and abounding
 The love which grants eternal life to man.

Love is the theme, a love so grandly glowing
 That mortal heart ne'er held the hallowed flame;

Throughout creation's bounds the deathless tide is
 flowing,
And host on host of worlds, the radiant waves
 can claim.

O wondrous love! the giant column uprearing,
 Firm as the eternal throne, supremely bright
With glory, to the soul revering, —
 To thee all Nature clings for life and light.

Frail human love, the richest heart oblation
 Falls but a selfish triumph to the sod,
Richer and grander than the offering of creation
 Rises and spreads o'er all the love of God.

OH, CALL IT NOT DEATH!

Oh, call it not death when the spirit of mortal
Soars like a freed bird from its prison away ;
Oh, call it not death when the heavenly portal
Admits a proud soul to the bright realms of day.

Oh, call it not death when o'er dear ones bending,
You watch the gray shadow so steadfastly steal,
Hiding the light of Life's spirits attending, —
Spirit and mortal the parting must feel.

Oh, call it not death when the last word is spoken,
And the heart's weary throbbing has ceased
evermore ;
When the touch of God's finger earth's frail cord
has broken,
And His love softly whispered thy woes all are
o'er.

Oh, call it not death when Earth opens her coffer,
And eagerly grasps the clay image of man ;
'Tis but a small tribute the ransomed can offer,
'Tis but a small part of the omniscient plan.

Oh, this is not death ! oh, this is not dying !
When wide on its hinges the door of Life rolls,
And a land of such splendor, portrayal defying,
And a home of bright glory the new-born beholds.

Where find we proof of this wondrous story,
When the dark mortal veil o'er the vision is
drawn?

Do the whispers of sweet faith alone tell the glory,
And give to the darkness faint glimpse of the
dawn?

Hark! what is the song that glad Nature is singing?
As in triumph the notes through the long ages
roll!

And what is the proof her bright offsprings are
bringing?
Life, life eternal, for man's yearning soul!

BURY ME IN THE SUNSHINE.¹

Oh, bury me in the sunshine
Where the smiling skies look down,
And the morning air is radiant
With the flash of day's golden crown ;
Where the whispering breeze may linger,
And the glittering daisies bloom,
And the music of bird and insect
Keep off the shadows and gloom.

Oh, bury me in the sunshine,
Not in a sepulchre grand,
Where on mouldering wall and casement
The ghastly shadows stand, —
Where the air is heavy with blackness,
And the foul, damp vapors stay,
And the gloom is ever unbroken
By the cheering beams of day.

Oh, bury me in the sunshine,
That over my senseless dust
Sweet Spring, in her soft arms bearing
Bright proof of life's hope and trust,

¹ The dying words of Archbishop Hughes.

May bend with her smiles, and scatter
Her treasures with generous hand,
And point, with a radiant finger,
To the glory of Heaven's fair land.

Oh, bury me in the sunshine !
I would not that one thought of gloom
Should mingle with sorrow and sadness,
When friends linger around my tomb ;
But the story of life eternal,
Breathing up from the shining sod,
Tell of bliss for the spirit rejoicing
In the glorified mansions of God.

Oh, bury me in the sunshine,
Where the murmuring branches wave,
And the stars on their midnight duty
Can watch o'er my humble grave ;
Where Nature's soft, evening vespers
In anthems of gladness may rise : —
Oh, bury me in the sunshine,
'Neath the glorious azure skies.

THE DYING MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR HER
CHILD.

O HEAVENLY Father, to Thy love and care
I leave this precious lamb so dear to me;
O Father, hear a dying mother's prayer,
And keep this heart from sin's dark passions free.

It is Thy will, that from this house of clay
My spirit shall escape earth's anguish wild :
'Tis well, — and with my last faint breath I pray
That Thou wilt guard, and guide, and save my
child.

This yearning love is all that binds to earth :
No mother's smile can greet my darling now ;
No tender glance shall watch the childish mirth,
No loving touch smooth trouble from its brow.

Dear Father, heed a mother's last sad prayer :
Should earthly woe its darkling mantle fling,
Oh, keep my child with Thy protecting care,
Under the shadow of Thy mighty wing.

Should these dear feet in crime's dread pathway
stray,
Let some kind angel turn the steps aside ;
And if it be Thy holy will, I pray
His mother's spirit yet may watch and guide.

40 DYING MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR HER CHILD.

If I must leave my lamb to bear alone
Earth's storms and tempests in their fury wild,
Dear God, I pray Thee, hear my dying moan,
And guard, and guide, and save my darling child.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

A DEEP voice muttered in my dreaming ear,
When on my eyes lay slumber's sealing kiss,
Why dost thou seek prophetic dreams to rear?
Truly 'tis spoken, "Ignorance is bliss."

Wouldst have me lift the veil, thou child of earth,
And show thee, step by step, the path of years?
What canst thou reckon since thy mortal birth?
Think'st thou there is no farther cause for tears?

Perchance if thou couldst now the future scan,
Thy soul with horror and despair would shrink;
'Tis Mercy's kindest care for mortal man
That hides each bitter draught which he must
drink.

Sorrow and joy their light and shadow cast
O'er every heart, and none should seek to know
How long the joyous light or darkling shade shall last,
When all are rightly portioned, weal or woe.

Life's tangled web is not for human skill
To pick and straighten from its devious turns;
Each thread is subject to Jehovah's will,
And Wisdom's torch above the dark maze burns.

'Tis better far that thou shouldst fondly take
Thy Father's hand that's stretched to lead thee on,
Nor fear the tempest nor the storms that break
Around thee, ere the shining goal is won.

DEAR SPIRIT, THOU ART NEAR ME.

DEAR spirit, thou art near me,
I thy mystic presence feel
By the inspiring thrills of gladness
Which around my sad soul steal.
In a softly-whispered story,
Thou dost breathe of pleasures bright,
Hopes all blest with sweet fruition,
In thy glorious land of light.

Though unseen by mortal vision,
Coming from thy home afar,
To my soul thou art a beacon
Brighter than the morning star.
Through the clouds of earthly darkness,
Up my eager spirit springs,
With a nameless joy to gather
Rays of bliss thy presence brings.

Clad in radiant robes of splendor,
Thou art flashing through the gloom ;
Oh ! this mortal veil that blinds me,
Death shall hurl it in the tomb.
Now I catch thy glorious whispers,
Cheering as a heavenly dream,
For thine angel presence ever
Gilds the waves of Time's dark stream.

Dear spirit, thou art near me, —

Glad I hail thy gentle power ;

Teach my doubting heart the lesson

Thou hast learned in Heaven's bower.

Ever with thy love surround me,

Warn and guard from error's way,

Till through earth's wild path I've travelled

To thy home of endless day.

SAD MOTHER, DRY THE BITTER TEARS.

SAD mother, dry the bitter tears
That from woe's fountain rise,
And cast away thy doubts and fears,
For Heaven hath gained the prize.

Hath gained a perfect, radiant gem,
That now will form a part
In God's immortal diadem,
Thy infant's sinless heart.

Couldst thou have seen the shining band
That circled round its form,
Eager to bear it to a land
Where sweeps no blighting storm ;

Couldst thou have seen the robe of light
That wrapped thy darling o'er ;
The wreath of starry splendor bright,
Brought from the golden shore ;

Couldst thou have heard the thrilling strain
By angel voices given ;
When, from the realm of woe and pain,
They bore thy babe to Heaven ;

46 SAD MOTHER, DRY THE BITTER TEARS.

Thou wouldst not still in sorrow pine,
That life had lost all charms ;
But see thy lamb, by love divine,
Safe in the Shepherd's arms.

Oh ! radiant scene, too dazzling fair
For mortals' feeble gaze,
When spirit pinions cleave the air,
And heavenly glories blaze.

No touch of earthly blight shall mar
God's perfect jewel now ;
And crowned for aye with Truth's pure star
Shall be thy darling's brow.

IT IS WELL.

“OH, is it well?” a mother cried in deep despair,
“Oh, is it well that thus mine eyes should gaze
Upon thy cherished form, my boy, so bright and fair,
Smote by Death’s cruel hand in thy sweet infant
days?”

O God! O God! why am I thus bereft,
Couldst thou not spare this little lamb to me?
To love or live for now, there’s nought that’s left.
In this dread stroke I can no mercy see.”

Thus wept and raved she through the weary day,
And midnight found her worn with sickening grief,
Till faint and helpless on her couch she lay,
And soothing slumber brought her slight relief;
But e’en the trance of sleep the wild woe could not
quell,

For troubled dreams haunt the poor stricken heart,
And oft she moaned and murmured, “Is it well?”
And oft with a faint shriek of grief would start.

When beams of morn lit up the eastern skies,
Quickly she rose, a strange calm filled her breast,
A look almost like joy shone in the tear-dimmed
eyes,
As on her boy’s pale brow she fondest kisses
pressed.

“Thou art safe, my darling, safe from sin’s dread spell,
I leave thee now to the kind Shepherd’s care,
And humbly cry, “O Father, it is well!
Forgive, and hear a thankful mother’s prayer.

“Praised be God’s holy name, that it was but a
dream ;

Last night I saw my boy to manhood grown,
And deeply sunk in crime’s polluting stream,
While galling chains clanked out a fearful moan.
He stood convicted of an appalling deed,
Earth held no power to break the dreadful spell,
Now angel hands my infant boy shall lead,
Safe, safe forever ! Dear Lord, it is well !”

THE ECHO'S ADVICE.

DOWN in a lonely glen a mortal wandered,
Complaining sadly of earth's care and strife;
No longer wishing in its realms to tarry,
Sought the best means to end a wretched life.

Why should I longer live thus lone and needy,
When even friendship has a sordid price?
No kindly hand is ever stretched to aid me,
No friend to say, I'll give thee good advice —
I'll give thee good advice.

Ah, wilt thou, mystic stranger? thou art welcome!
And gladly will I listen to thy voice;
It is my wish to end this life of torture,
Think'st thou that I could make a better choice?
Make a better choice.

What shall it be? I find that dire misfortune
Into my face its cruel hand will thrust
Where'er I turn, and my sad heart no longer
Can hear a voice that cries, Still hope and trust.
Still hope and trust.

Thou bid'st me hope, and wherefore? Now, I pray
thee,

Tell me of some way I may gain and thrive,
If I should still a little longer tarry,
Still bear this burden, and still work and strive —
Still work and strive.

And should I strive, and should I labor ever,
Friends all are false, contentions still are rife;
'Tis vain to hope that happiness is waiting,
Or joy will bid me lead a better life —
Lead a better life.

A better life! new thought hast thou awakened —
Perchance my ways are foolish, and the work of
sin;
By reason's lamp it might be, were I searching,
That I should find the trouble lies within.
The trouble lies within.

O subtle, thrilling voice, 'tis truth thou'rt telling. —
'Tis written on life's pages that are past.
Think'st thou I can o'ercome all evil yearning,
And from sin's depths triumphant rise at last?
Triumphant rise at last.

Then will I cry, "Get thee behind me, Satan,
Thou hunter of man's never-dying soul!"
I'll run the race which light and truth are point-
ing —
And by God's grace will surely win the goal!
Surely win the goal.

Thy voice, dear Nature, hath my soul awakened
From the dark trance, and broke the tempter's
spell ;
Now steadfast on my way I'll go rejoicing,
And bid thee, Echo, sweet, a kind farewell.
A kind farewell.

A WHISPER FROM THE SPIRIT LAND.

DEAR one, I call to thee, whose ransomed soul
Unfettered roams where life's pure fountains roll ;
And from the mystic realms of joy and light,
Let thy sweet spirit greet my own to-night.

Dear one, I call to thee ; dost thou not hear
My prayer, nor watch the silent tear ?
Does not sweet memory thrill thy spirit breast,
Thy sacred promise ere thy soul found rest ?

Thy last sweet whisper sounds within my ear,
When thou didst bid me dry the blinding tear,
When heavenly inspiration stirred thy tongue,
And spirit glory round thy brow was flung, —

The last sweet-whispered words of deathless love :
Love, thou didst say, ruled the pure realms above,
And the strong tie that bound thy soul to mine,
Before the Father's throne would brightly shine.

I'll ne'er forget thee, and I soon shall come
Back to the spot where stands thy earthly home ;
I shall watch o'er thee, and thou yet mayst know
The freed soul can the touch of love bestow.

All this, in softest whisper, thou didst speak,
While tears of dread despair rolled o'er my cheek ;
Yet 'mid the gloom a brightness seemed to rise,
E'en when thy spirit sought its native skies.

Beloved, hear me ! now the shadows fall,
And evening spreads o'er earth her dusky pall,
While sorrow holds this lonely soul of mine,
Which blindly reaches out in search of thine.

What mystic sense comes o'er my being now,
As though an angel's pinion fanned my brow ?
What whisper strange is sounding through my brain,
That robs the heart of its wild, bitter pain ?

Now, troubled soul, be thy wild murmurs still,
Doubt not God's power the grand work to fulfill ;
The mystery that surrounds thy house of clay,
In the glad light of heaven shall fade away.

Dear spirit, thou art near me, for I feel
A sudden thrill of joy through all my being steal ;
The crown of sadness thou hast swept away,
And bright within my heart glows truth's pure ray.

There is no death, I hear thy whisper low ;
'Tis earthly shadows hide the immortal glow
That wraps the spirit form in robes of light,
The mortal veil that hides the vision bright.

Oh! Heavenly truth, my soul, supremely blest,
At thy bright fount shall drink and sweetly rest!
Where'er I roam, alone I ne'er shall be,
For thou, beloved one, shall walk with me.

FAITH.

WE stand upon the mount of Faith,
And look beyond the hills of Time,
With spirit vision strained to catch
A glimpse of shores sublime.

For groping through the earthly vale,
The yearning soul grows sad and strange,
And longs o'er fields of living green
And paths of light to range ;

Finding earth's glory false and vain,
Feeding with husks the mortal pride,
While Pleasure and her glittering train
Like phantom shadows glide ;

Proving earth's treasure naught but dross,
Yet heart in grov'ling bands bound o'er,
While whispers, counting all as loss,
Sound from the unseen shore.

Scorning the mortal's selfish call,
Still bending to its mighty sway,
The weary captive journeys on,
And home seems far away.

'Mid blinding clouds of doubt and fear,
Still guided by the mystic rod,
The struggling soul with Faith bends forth,
And hears the voice of God.

HOPE.

GEM of the soul, thou art brighter far
Than the silver light of yon distant star ;
The glow which thy glorious radiance sheds,
Is the bond that the spirit with mortal weds ;
Richer art thou than the precious stones
That earth to her wandering children loans.

Gift of Heaven ! From God's right hand
The treasure descended to fill the land ;
With shouts of gladness, and songs that rise
In waves of joy to the distant skies,
The sheen of its beauty a halo sheds,
To crown with its glory all mortal heads.

Gem of the soul, oh, great is thy power
To cheer the heart in the darkest hour ;
Though friends prove false and foes draw near,
Still thou art waiting each sorrow to cheer ;
Though fortune sits frowning on all our works,
Yet the light of thy smile in each bosom lurks.

Without thee, oh, what would this wide world be
But a lone, desert isle in the midst of a sea,

O'er which the wild waves, with a midnight foam,
Were left like agents of darkness to roam?
No light, no life, on the dismal shore —
No sound but the song of the mad sea's roar.

We turn with joy from a picture so dark,
As the lone dove turned to its home in the ark,
When the mighty flood covered the face of the land,
For then thou wert found with that little band; —
Oh, ne'er may thy brightness grow dim in the soul,
While the waters of time continue to roll.

Star of the soul, thy bright beams spread
Around the graves of the slumbering dead;
On thy blazing pinions our thoughts arise,
And seek for our lost ones in the skies;
Thou art our solace, our guide, and our staff;
From the fount of thy glory each joy-drop we quaff;
Without thee we ne'er could with earth woes cope,
Thou star of life, for thy name is Hope.

CHARITY.

O CHARITY! sweet Charity!
Thou pearl of priceless worth,
Thou art the fairest, purest gem
That glitters on the earth.
For in the radiance thou dost shed
The light of heaven abounds,
And all thy royal, dazzling rays
Blaze in the angels' crowns.

O Charity! sweet Charity!
That thinkest ill of none,
Thy gentle, dove-like character
Immortal fame hath won.
With tender hands thou fain wouldst lift
The clouds of shame and woe,
And turn dark Slanders' venom'd darts
Ere they have dealt the blow.

O Charity! sweet Charity!
Thou sufferest and art kind,
Thou enviest not, thou vauntest not,
No error wouldst thou find.

Sweet Faith and Hope are heavenly gems,
But thou art holier far,
And in each human breast should reign,
The soul's true guiding star.

CROWN JEWELS.

COUNT up thy jewels, child of earth —
The jewels thou hast won,
The gems which prove thy noble birth,
And the good deeds thou hast done ;
Count every sparkling, shining gem —
Hast thou a goodly store,
To weave a royal diadem
To wear on heaven's bright shore ?

Dost know that on each spirit brow,
Before the throne of God,
In gems of light appears each vow
Born on the mortal sod.
Hast thou a store to prove thy worth,
A pure heart's vestal fire,
That glows to light thy heavenly birth,
And life's grand theme inspire ?

Hast thou the jewels fair to see, —
Faith, Hope, and Christ-like Love,
The radiant pearl of Charity,
Content, the peaceful dove ?
Does Sympathy's soft, soothing light
Amid thy jewels shine,

And kindly thoughts, with tendrils bright,
Around thy heart-strings twine?

Count up thy jewels, child of earth,
Thou hast no time to spare, —
The gems which prove thy royal birth, —
Such as the angels wear.
If thou canst not the number find,
Then cast thy follies down,
And seek for pearls wherewith to bind
Thine own immortal crown.

THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

CALL not this the land of the living,
Where Death's banner ever waves,
Where disease, dread host, e'er triumphs,
Filling the earth with graves.

Call not this the land of the living,
Where ye bid the last farewell,
Where the heart-strings thrill and tremble
With pangs no tongue can tell.

Call not this the land of the living,
Where ye bend despairing o'er
The mouldering dust of the loved ones,
Thou canst see on earth no more.

Ah, no! 'tis the land of the dying;
'Tis the land of Death's dread fears;
'Tis the land where pain and sorrow
Call ever the heart's wild tears.

We shall find the land of the living,
The land of pure delight,
The land where laws infinite
Admit no mortal blight,

In the radiant realms of the Spirit,
Where Life's pure fountains play,
Where death and gloom ne'er enter,
The land of eternal day.

SWEET THOUGHTS.

WHEN the spirit grows weary of earth
And its troublous cares,
How sweet 'tis to dream of the rest
Our Father prepares
In the glorious city above,
With its radiant skies,
Where God's hand in sweet pity shall wipe
All tears from our eyes.

'Tis in vain that we seek for a joy
That will ever compare
With the bliss which the ransomed may know,
In regions so fair ;
Where the light of God's countenance shines
On the spirits so blest,
And He gathers earth's weary ones close
To His loving breast,

And leadeth them through the green fields,
By the river of Life ;
Where together with loved ones they rest
Secure from all strife ;

Joined again the dear family band
In the mansion of God ;
While in joy they remember no more
The woes of the sod.

In the land where no wild storms e'er sweep
Through the Paradise bowers,
And the treasures of wisdom and love
We may cull with the flowers.
Oh ! 'tis sweet, to the earth-weary soul,
To dream of the time
When on pinions of light it shall soar
To that radiant clime.

THE TWO CROWNS.

A MOTHER, bending o'er her darling infant's bed,

Exulting in the smiling cherub's witching charms,
Besought a crown might rest upon its beauteous
head,

And bade kind Fortune ever shield it in her arms.
While breathing thus her fond heart's earnest
prayer,

Soft as a gentle zephyr came a mystic voice ;
The mother, turning, saw a form divinely fair,
Bearing two shining crowns from which to make
her choice.

“ Mortal, behold ! thy prayer is heard, and now

I pray thee choose, but with true wisdom's aid ;
Then the bright diadem that decks thy daughter's
brow

Will blaze and glitter with a light that ne'er shall
fade.

This grand crown sparkles with the richest gems of
earth,

Pearls, diamonds, rubies, and rare stones of every
hue,

And proves the wearer one whose favored birth
Shall ne'er have cause for earthly joys to sue.

“Now take this modest garland in thy trembling
hand,

Gaze well upon each bud, each spray and flower,
The gems are dewdrops from a brighter land,
The sprays were born and twined in Heaven’s
bower.

It does not promise earthly glories rare,
It will not lift want’s weary, pressing load,
But it holds charms and virtues rich and fair,
And sheds a light that gilds time’s storm-dark
road.

“Amid its blossoms gleams the radiant star of
Truth,

While dove-eyed Charity twines hope, and sweet
content,

And holy faith, — a gorgeous crown for youth :

This can she claim forever ; the other is but lent.
Still, it will ever crown her Queen of Earth,

And with the mortal state great power is given.
This fragrant diadem, worn from thy infant’s birth,
Will guide her feet below, and crown with bliss in
heaven.”

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

UPON the dusky brow of night the starry crown is
flashing,

And midnight slumber holds a host in chains,
But restless ocean waves upon the beach are dash-
ing,

And restless waves of thought o'er sleep the vic-
tory gains ;

Even the lovely flowers their sun-blind eyes are
closing,

And seem to sleep, rocked by soft zephyr hands,
While 'neath the pale moon's smile fair Nature,
seems reposing,

My wakeful spirit spurns sweet slumber's bands.

This is the hour that claims my soul's attention,

And bids it revel in the beauty of the skies,

And linger o'er the thoughts of its secure ascension,

When Heaven's command bids the freed captive
rise.

Each twinkling star speaks of the wondrous story

Of the unfathomed realms, beyond the reach of
thought ;

And paints, with mystic art, a portion of the glory

Which makes earth's brightest glory seem as
naught.

This is the holy hour that speaks of the All-Giver,
And bids the soul stand on the rainbow arch
’Twixt heaven and earth, and gaze upon Life’s river
Flowing beyond the hills, which stop Time’s con-
quering march ;
Looking beyond, where radiant lights are gleam-
ing —
Eternal beacons — guides to Heaven’s bright
shore ;
Where blest reality destroys all earthly dreaming,
And tells the weary soul its cares and woes are
o’er.

O sacred midnight hour ! thy solemn stillness hold-
ing
The watcher’s senses with enchantment’s spell ;
And in thy peaceful arms the troubled heart enfold-
ing,
Far holier joys are found than daylight hours
can tell ;
Gladly I wake to listen to thy gentle, soothing voice,
When thy inspiration breathes from every star,
And the glory of thy teachings makes my sad soul
rejoice
To worship at Jehovah’s shrine of majesty afar.

LINES ON IMMORTALITY.

Suggested by the following extract from a lecture on Materialism : " Within the brain, and within it only, dwell all thought and aspiration ; it is the only temple of the soul, built up of millions of cells — a temple not made with hands — it arches over and glorifies all lower life of the body, and within it shall thought dwell forever as its only home. There is no individual immortality in some far off heaven, where the saints shall reign in glory as men glorified. The only immortality of men is the immortality of man — of the race and its successors. With this who shall not be satisfied ? "

AND this is all the heaven to which man can aspire

And this is all the glory that a soul may know ;
The brain, its only temple, lit with mortal fire,
To blaze a moment, then forever cease to glow.

And thou art satisfied, O man, to call this truth !

To quench with clouds and darkness heaven's
light ;
To count the years till age or early youth,
Then death shall bind thee with destruction's
might.

The petty glory of a world like this,

The feeble triumph of the human brain,
The soul is satisfied, and counts it bliss
To spend the fleeting years of care and pain, —

And feel that heaven is built of mortal mould,
That earth makes up the sum of life to all :
The brain no grander council e'er to hold
Than grov'ling thoughts that 'neath death's
shadow fall.

If man can pleasure find in thoughts like these,
'Tis but when he health's brimming cup doth
quaff,
When Death's cold hand thy throbbing heart shall
freeze,
Where, then, O mortal, is thy rod and staff?

O man, this cannot be — undo the bands
That bind the yearning spirit — let it rise !
'Twill find its native home not made with hands,
Eternal in the heavens beyond the skies.

Thou knoweth that its smothered cry will come
Unto thine ear oft in the depths of night,
Distressed, that thou wouldst bind it to a home
Where it doth seek in vain for life and light.

Undo the bonds ! Undo the galling chain !
Lift up thy head, Jehovah reigns supreme !
Look up ! look up ! the soul's cry is not vain,
There dwells immortal Life, immortal Hope's
grand theme.

A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

WHEN midnight its shadowy curtain had spread,
On the pinions of fancy my spirit was led,
For a radiant being came whispering low,
“ Arise child of earth ; leave this region of woe.

“ I will guide thy feet to a blissful shore,
Where tears and sorrows are known no more ;
On blazing splendor thine eyes shall gaze,
And thy soul shall bask in Heaven’s pure rays.

“ Now we sail o’er the clouds in a spirit bark,
Beyond earth’s shores so gloomy and dark ;
With rapture thou’lt float on the airy tide,
And ’mid islands of glory quickly glide.

“ See ! nearer we come to those Eden bowers
Where bloom eternal such glorious flowers ;
Brighter than stars in their beauty they shine,
Garlands immortal they’re made to entwine.

“ Roaming those bowers are spirits bright,
Weaving those garlands is their delight ;
Free as a thought they float along,
Thrilling the air with their soul’s glad song.

“ With a flaming halo they all are crowned,
With a flaming zone their robes are bound;
Joy and peace from their star-eyes flash,
No mortal passions their bosoms lash.

“ Sorrow-storms quench not the light of their eyes,
Tempest-clouds hide not their heavenly skies;
Their burdens of earth are forever cast down,
They have given the cross for the harp and crown.

“ See those grand trees on their native throne,
Clothed in a majesty all their own;
Silvery streams run murmuring by,
Breathing their prayer in a rippling sigh.

“ Fairest of birds sing on each spray,
And rejoice in their home of endless day;
Heaven’s own breezes sweep over the plain,
Heaven’s own light is their only chain.

“ Radiant arches of glory are curled
Bows of God’s promise o’er the bright world,
Promise of bliss and joys ever rife,
Promise of light and immortal life.

“ Ah! hear that soft music come stealing along —
’Tis the ravishing chorus of some seraph’s song;
Didst thou ever hear music on earth like this?
Flooding the soul with an ocean of bliss.

“ Hark ! nearer and louder and grander it sounds,
And through the vast halls of immensity bounds ;
Hear that life-giving strain ! ’tis an anthem of love,
That is sung by the white-robed choir above.

“ Behold yonder temple, that gleams like a sun —
’Tis the home which the glorified spirits have won ;
None but the pure hearted can enter there,
None but bright angels such glory could bear.

“ There are countless temples still brighter than this,
Homes where God’s chosen ones revel in bliss ;
Where the joy-notes of harmony never tire,
Where every form glows with celestial fire.

“ Where countless pleasures unceasingly roll
In heavenly rapture o’er the freed soul ;
Where naught but love and harmony speak,
And none but the joy of each other seek.

“ These are the homes of earth’s lowly and meek,
Those who the good of mankind did seek,
Whose hearts ne’er burned with the baleful fires
Of selfishness, and its wild desires.

“ Who, satisfied with earth’s humble gift,
Still striving woe’s load from sad hearts to lift,
Those who in faith and patience trod,
Seeking the light from the Throne of God.

“I have brought thee here, that thy soul may know
The joys which thy Father will bestow
On those who earnestly seek and find
Immortal gems in their crowns to bind.

“Thou fain wouldst stay upon this bright shore
And enter the portals of yon golden door,
And roam through those fields of fadeless green
And gather those flowers of glorious sheen.

“Thou wouldst gladly join in the heavenly strains
And linger where pleasure eternally reigns,
But this cannot be, earth still is thy sphere,
And clothed in the mortal none can enter here.

“Let the light of true wisdom shine clear in thy
heart
While with mortal thou minglest, and act well thy
part,
And the joy that will greet thee no tongue can ex-
press,
When the mould of earth thy clay bosom shall
press.

“By the power of faith I have led thee through
A region of life and light most true;
Yet this vision to thee is naught but a dream,
For thy bark is still floating on earth’s troubled
stream.”

SABBATH MORNING IN SUMMER.

O SWEET, sweet Sabbath morn,
Soft stepping o'er the eastern hills,
With calm and radiant brow,
And regal robe of Summer's royal
Splendor; with thy bright fingers
Lifting up Night's sombre veil,
From Nature's face, and bending in
Sweet tenderness above the slumb'ring
Flowers, with softest kiss and touch,
As a fond mother wakes her sleeping babe.
Then stretching forth thy sun-bright
Arms, to fold in kind embrace
All living things; low chanting thy
Grand song of soothing melody
That bids each mortal heart
Admit the dove of peace, to brood
Upon its altar, and guard from
Wild and vexing thoughts, the soul's
Frail temple on this sacred day.

O calm, sweet Sabbath morn!
Who hath not felt thy subtle charm?

Thy wondrous influence stealing o'er
The mind, when all the busy sounds
Of bustling life are still, and naught
Disturbs the soft and balmy air
Save the low hum of bees, the song
Of birds, and the melodious chiming
Of the distant village bells?
Who hath not listened to a mystic voice
Chiding in tenderness man's selfish aims,
And earth-bound themes; revealing all
The vanity of joys and pleasures that depart
And leave but dust and ashes in the heart;
Breathing of a brighter, purer land,
Leading the soul to stand upon a higher
Plane, and catch a faint glimpse
Of the gleaming shores of Immortality.

O sweet, sweet Sabbath morn!
Thou art to the yearning soul
As the bright summer shower
That maketh glad the drooping buds
And flowers; refreshing as with
Living drops, shook from a cloud
Surcharged with heavenly dew, and
Lending to the spirit strength and sustenance.
When by thy pure and holy counsel led,
Wand'ring amid the green and shining
Hills, or ling'ring by the sparkling
Rivulet, where Nature opens wide
Jehovah's book, and her grand priests

Chant sweetly forth the words there
Written by God's mighty pen of Truth, —
Words breathing of His glory, power, and
Majesty, and burning with the holy
Eloquence of Heaven; inspiring
The sad care-worn soul with sweetest
Dreams of perfect peace, and joys
That linger not where mortal feet
May tread; that wait the soul
Redeemed from bonds of flesh and
Blood, when the glad light that
Ushers in the heavenly Sabbath morn
Breaks o'er the radiant hills of Paradise.

EARTH'S HEROES.

WHERE shall we look for the heroes of earth?
Shall it be on the record of Fame?
Shall it be where lie honors that mortals have piled
To raise high in grandeur a name?

Shall it be on the field that is crimson with gore,
Where the thunders of cannon is heard,
Where the heart's tender instinct lies smothered or
dead
And wild passions to fury are stirred?

Shall it be where the conqueror's banner waves high,
And the plaudits of thousands ring loud?
Or where the bold deeds of the daring are seen,
And the heart in its triumph grows proud?

Is it there that the eye of our Father will look
For the conquering heroes of earth,
When He gathers the grandest, to sit at the feast
He prepares for the noblest worth?

Ah, perchance, in the highways, and byways of life,
Unknown on earth's annals of fame,
He may find the true heroes His wisdom inspires,
And record in high Heaven each name!

The poor and oppressed, who have struggled with
woe,

Overcome wild temptation and sin,
In patience and meekness, still striving to keep
The soul's temple perfect within.

Those who are humble and lowly of birth,
Who have walked in the steps of His Son ;
Unnoticed, or scorned, by the great ones of earth,
May receive the grand tribute — Well done!

Be faithful! be faithful! ye conquering souls,
When the frail mortal chains are unbound,
Ye shall find in fair Heaven each good deed is
known,
And there shall earth's heroes be crowned.

THE VICTOR'S SONG.

I STOOD beside the bed of death
And heard the victor's song
Arise from pale and dying lips,
But tuneful voice and strong ;
The words rang clear when every tongue
In grief refused to sing,
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

Triumphant was the smile of peace
That shone in glory there,
For though earth's light was fading fast,
The soul had visions fair ;
No thought of doubt, of fear, or gloom,
Cast o'er the heart a wave ;
Life's star undimmed its radiance flung
Far, far beyond the grave.

"Death is the door of Life supreme !"
The passing spirit cried,
And angel hands are opening now,
The golden portals wide ;

And in sweet chorus join the strain
That mortal lips may sing,
“O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?”

Ah! was it faith alone that lit
The waves of Death's dark stream?
Or knowledge given to the soul,
When waking from earth's dream,
That made the spirit vision strong,
To sweep away despair,
And by Heaven's inspiration prove
The light of Life was there?

Oh! blessed lot, triumphant thus
From earth to pass away;
When nought but rapturous joy within
The heaving breast holds sway.
When with the last expiring breath,
The victor's song shall ring,
“O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?”

THE ANGEL'S ANSWER.

SINKING down by the gates of light,
I called to the angels robed in white,
That a spirit still in the mortal guise
Knelt under the walls of Paradise,

And there would patient lie and wait,
Still clinging fast to the golden gate,
Till an answer came to the earnest cry
Can the earth-born love of a spirit die?

The love that our lost ones freely gave,
E'er the mortal sank to the yawning grave;
Can the mother there, forget her child,
Still wandering 'mid earth's tempests wild?

Can the sacred vows of the faithful heart
With the earthly chain of memory part,
When a spirit has gained the immortal prize,
And dwells in the realms of Paradise?

Tell me, I pray, is it vain to call?
Has Death's dread fiat ended all?
And mortal love, but an idle wave,
Is lost in the depths of the silent grave?

Soon the answer came, breathed soft and low,
"Truth's star shall light on thy soul bestow.
The spirit for aye, is the image of God,
Whose love ever clings to the mortal sod."

THE ANGEL'S ADVICE.

A SPIRIT in chains
Of woe's mortal pains,
In anguish bowed low in the dust,
Pressed down by despair,
And torturing care,
Complained of a burden unjust.

“My sorrows are great,
Like the football of fate,
I am tossed by earth's treacherous wave;
My soul filled with woe,
At the ruin below,
Seeks only the peace of the grave.

“Let me die ! let me die !”
Was the sad spirit's cry,
I have lingered too long on the sod,
And I pray, oh ! I pray,
For one soul cheering ray,
Of the light from the City of God.

Then there came like a flame,
A grand spirit of light ;

And whispered kind words in his ear,
Saying, Mortal arise,
And look to the skies,
Thou shalt triumph o'er sorrow and fear.

Thy Father is near,
And thy prayer He doth hear ;
And the star of His mercy doth shine.
Now soon shalt thou know,
That thy pathway below,
Was marked by God's wisdom divine.

'Tis true thou art weary,
And earth seemeth dreary,
But how stands thy record of life ?
Are its duties well done,
And a victory won
O'er the evils and errors so rife ?

Up! up! and be brave!
But a step and the grave
Shall cover thy mortal woes o'er ;
Work, work with a will,
And thy mission fulfill,
Thou shall rest in sweet peace on Life's shore

Take thou this staff,
From this shining cup quaff,
'Twill give thee new strength for the strife,

THE ANGEL'S ADVICE.

The staff is strong Hope,
With fierce trouble to cope,
In the cup is true courage of Life.

Thou canst never succeed,
With Despair's broken reed,
Without courage to strengthen thy soul,
Now take up thy load,
And press on earth's road,
In joy thou'll at length reach the goal.

THE STAR OF LIFE.

THOU star of life ! let poets sing thy praise,
And to thy name peans triumphant raise ;
Thou art the sun, the moon, the stars to man,
Thy rays alone have cheered him since the world
began :

Thy inspiration stirs each grand and noble thought,
And all earth's light and glory thou hast wrought.

Ah, list my soul ! Hark ! how the sweet star sings
A seraph's song, that heavenly comfort brings.
Rise up, sad heart ; there's words of joy for thee,
And now there's light, that thou the way must see ;
The morn is breaking, and the young day springs,
Of light, and life, and joy the sweet star sings.

Most gentle nurse ! thou'st lulled my fears to rest ;
I lay my weary head upon thy soothing breast ;
When thou dost touch me with thy wand of light,
Far, far away roll back the shades of night.
Thou hast a potent balm for every human ill,
And power to bid woe's raging waves be still.

O heavenly star ! thy beams of light divine,
Drawn from the throne of God on earth must ever
 shine,
Shedding thy pure effulgence on each human soul,
Lifting the clouds of grief which thick and darkly
 roll.
With grim Despair thou, thou alone canst cope,
Thou star of life supreme, thy glorious name is
 Hope !

MEMORY.

O THOU mysterious presence who holdest
Thy whispering revels in the human brain,
Whence comest thou, with all thy power to cause
The heart to bound anew with bliss, and the
Mind to see again the light of other days.
As with thy magic pencil thou dost paint
Afresh the life-scenes, which by the breath of
Time are ne'er erased from the canvas of the heart.

We feel thy power, and know thou art
The soul's best guide, — the silent monitor
That oft dost prove to mortal man a secret charm
Wherewith to bind his erring fancy to the laws of
Right. Thou art the soul's best friend, the pure
Heart's comforter. Thou hast a healing balm
To pour in soothing streams upon the wounded
Spirit. In softest whisper thou dost speak of
Happy days and blissful hours; and rising from
Thy hiding-place, dost bear the soul away on thy
Broad wings; and sweeping on, till wearied with
Thy flight thou sinkest down to rest in some
Bright spot, where joyous sunbeams dance around
The cherished shrine of youth's best years,

And lingering round till thou hast gathered up
Each shining fragment of the scattered toys,
Dost start afresh, bent on thy sacred purpose
To restore the cherished treasures of thy bosom
friend.

And yet with all thy kind intent thy journeys
Do not always lead to pleasure's realms — for in
Thy course thou art compelled to pass by many
A ruined shrine — where the bright star of hope
Grew pale and dim, while surging waves of sorrow
Rolled o'er thy companion's soul, who fain would
Pass them by, and blames thee with a loud and
Angry voice for bringing him to gaze on scenes
Of such sad import.

Thou art a friend to all,
And, like a tender parent who seeks the welfare
Of a child that strays from duty's path, dost thou
Thy station hold. Thy labor for the guilty soul is
An unthankful task. Thou dost strive, by
Holding to his gaze the hideous picture of his past
Career, to turn him from the error of his ways.
He spurns thee with a curse, and seeks to drive thee
From thy throne by hurling liquid fire through all
The chambers of his brain. But thou art patient,
And dost return again more eager than before.
He calls thee Serpent, Devil; says thou hast turned
The honey in his cup to gall. In the still night-
Watch he moves upon his couch like a reed by
Fierce winds shaken, and writhing, in impotent

Rage, calls thee an evil spirit, who haunts his
Waking hours, and drives the goblin pictures
Through his dreaming brain.

Yet thou art his soul's
Best friend. Thy truthful pictures scourge the
Guilty mind with hyssop rods to purge the vile
Infection from his heart, and by thy magic power
Recall his better state, and to his erring nature
Prove the future by the past.

PATIENCE.

SWEET Patience, in thy robe divinely fair,
Thy brow unfurrowed by all vexing care,
The tender, steady rays thine eyes disclose,
The placid smile that speaks thy heart's repose,
Thy gentle mien, and soft, engaging sway
That wiles from grief its bitterness away ;
Thy pure unselfish purpose, and thy strength to
bear

Life's cares and woes, that fall a heavy share,
While sweet Content holds forth its lustrous light,
To cheer thy way through darkling shades of night.
Who can the beauty of thy charms withstand,
When with thy sister Hope, and hand in hand,
With steady step thou tread'st the earthly sod,
Guided by rays from the bright throne of God.

Sweet Patience — would but poor mortals learn of
thee

The lesson of thy life so fair to see ;
And humbly follow in thy footsteps kind,
Instead of thorns, more roses would they find ;
More joys and comforts throng life's dreary road,
And easier to bear earth's heavy load.

The gentle answer that dispelleth wrath,
Sheds holy light upon the shadowy path.
The bitter words that tremble on the tongue,
The foolish words by wild impatience flung,
The sinful thoughts that struggle in the mind,
Oft in the glance and angry tone we find,
Dark years of anguish by the work is wrought,
And hearts estranged that nought but friendship
sought.

Life's holy beauty in thy lesson lies,
And all its precepts are most kind and wise ;
Would that thy light might human hearts adorn,
For all its rays are pure and heaven-born.

THE TIME TO COME.

Ah ! weary soul, how sweet it is to think
There comes a time when all shall equal stand,
And thou mayest from a cup of pleasure drink,
Where truth, and light, and joy, go hand in hand.

Conditions bind us, in this mortal sphere,
The grand soul struggles for the bright and fair,
And striving long, and striving vainly, too,
Seems sinking in the dungeons of despair.

We cannot pick the tangled web of life,
We cannot make a truth of earthly dreams,
For like the mirage, in the desert vast,
The glowing vision proves not what it seems.

And earth grows dark, and sunlight turns to shade,
The wild storm gathers, and the tempest breaks ;
What does it matter to earth's favored ones,
How fierce the blast — how grand the soul it
shakes.

Thank God ! there is a land of truth and light.
Thank God ! man's wisdom cannot rule us there.
Thank God ! that kindred spirits there may meet,
No longer bound by earth's deceptive snare.

Oh! we shall wake to that great change one day,
Then, weary soul, gaze on Hope's radiant star;
Earth holds no power to hide its glorious ray;
Behold it shines on Heaven's heights afar.

SLANDER.

O FOUL and hideous shape, well may the generous
Mind grow sick at sight of thee, and turn away with
Sad and lowering brow, at all thy shameless pranks.
Thou and thy countless progeny of idle tales and
Tripping talk, roam all the wide world o'er. Thy
Vicious eyes turned to the heaven's four winds, in
search

Of game, roll wildly in their cells ; and thy rough
voice

And senseless laugh break up the soft low songs
Of dove-eyed Charity, that thinketh ill of none.
How eagerly thou stretchest forth thy black,
Remorseless hands, to grasp the hapless victim thou
Hast chosen to pursue ! How rude, how cruel, is
thy clutch !

Thy horny fingers pierce the flesh, and cause the
soul

To shrink with pangs of grief and shame at thy
vile touch.

But surely some poor mortals meet thee in
The dark, and see thee not in all thy hideousness,
else, with

The sunlight of God's wisdom shining on their
hearts,

They would run from thee as from some malignant
Pest. For oft, in spite of thy distorted face and
Demon heart, we see the impress of thy black'ning
Kiss on mortal lips, and hear them speak the
Fiendish lessons thou hast taught. Frail human
Nature, art thou so lost and blind to all God's
glorious

Gifts, that thou canst be content to feed on serpent
Slime, and know not, if thou hadst been an angel,
Or a saint on earth, replete with all the Godlike
Attributes that Heaven requires, and didst partake
Of that vile dish, 'twould poison all thy holiness,
And hurl thee headlong from thy high estate.
Heaven would not give one atom for a mocking
Parasite; the heart that holds no charity to smooth
And hide a neighbor's sin, or seeks no power by
which

To turn th' envenomed shaft from piercing ofttimes
Inoffensive breasts, is lacking of the sacramental
fire,

And fit to harbor monsters of iniquity, of which the
serpent Slander is not least.

How much more fair and bright this earth would
seem,

How much more pure all mortal friendship be,
If from the secret depths of every heart the silent
cry

Should rise: Avaunt, thou loathsome reptile; from
thy foul

Presence and polluting touch, good Lord, deliver
us!

NAMES.

ANSWER TO "WHAT'S IN A NAME."

THERE may be little in a name, my friend,
And Fancy ofttimes may its pinions lend
 To find the charm of Love.
The charm may prove but like the meteor's gleam,
And glitter but to vanish like a dream —
 Still glows the star above.

And thus of Friendship we may say the same,
To many it may prove naught but a name,
 Still blooms the royal flower —
And with its heavenly lustre pure and bright,
Adown life's pathway sheds a radiant light
 When dark storms lower.

Glory and Fame, are these the names that rust,
And, like material things, to ashes turn, and dust?
 It may be so.
If Fame and Glory are of tinsel made,
'Tis just, that crowns of selfish dross should fade,
 Like all below !

But there's a fame gained by the great and wise,
That shall not fade, but reach the very skies —

And angels praise
The good deeds nobly done ;
The victories grandly won
O'er sin's dark ways.

These, and the offerings of a thousand hearts,
Whose incense from the silent altar starts,
Claim not earth's fame.

Watched by a countless host, they yet shall stand
Crowned in the armies of a better land
With Honor's name.

Ah, yes ! there are some names that e'er must thrill
And warm the breast Time's waves have sought to
chill ;

None sweeter given.
None with more subtle power to stir the soul,
Though clouds of trouble and despair should roll,
Than Mother, Home, and Heaven.

OUR DAY OF LIFE.

IN the rosy morn of life

Joy's bright rays are beaming,
Naught know we of care or strife

In the wide world teeming.

Sip we sweets from every flower
Sporting in youth's summer bower ;
Would each life had for its dower

The young heart's sweet dreaming.

At the blazing noon of life

Clouds begin to lower,

And the flowers of youth so rife

Lie withered in the bower.

Sorrow's pangs have torn the heart,
And we languish o'er the smart ;
From our dearest hopes we part,
And at their phantoms cower.

In the shadowy evening hour,

Weary with life's story,

Joys of earth have lost their power
O'er the heart grown hoary.

Loved and lost we long to meet
In the blest reunion sweet,
And gladly turn our weary feet
Toward the Land of Glory.

THE TWO KEYS.

QUEEN FORTUNE sat on her glittering throne,
With gold and jewels grandly wrought,
Two mortals at her footstool knelt,
And her gracious smiles besought.

“We’re on a journey now,” they said;
“We beg thy kind and generous aid;
Give us a passport o’er the land
Ere the morning light shall fade?”

Stately and cold she bade them rise,
Then from a subtile, shining band
Two wondrous keys she quickly wrought,
And held them in her hand.

“This one for thee, thou child of earth,
Truly, its fame thou’lt find is old;
It will unlock the world’s strong gates,
’Tis made of solid gold.

“When thou dost hold thy hand aloft,
Its lustrous rays on thee will fall,
And thou shalt find, where’er thou art,
Thy power is over all.

“ And well, indeed, ’twill be for thee,
If thou dost rightly use that power,
And holy Love and Charity
Bestow their sacred dower.”

Then, turning to the waiting one,
With searching look and solemn nod,
“ This key a wise gift, friend, thou’lt find,
Wrought of an iron rod.

“ ’Tis not so fair to look upon
As yonder keys of shining gold,
Thou’lt oftentimes find thy strength at fault,
Still let thy faith be bold.

“ With steady purpose thou shalt gain
The goal which thou wouldst gladly reach,
Then falter not, but strive to learn
The lesson it will teach.

“ Though hard and bitter be the task,
In kindness shalt thou find ’twas given ;
Earth’s potent key of gold will not
Unlock the gates of Heaven.”

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

As we pause for a moment to gaze on the scene,
When stript of its tinsel and glittering sheen,
How strange everything to the mind appears,
While passing along in the train of years ;
With the backward glance life is naught but a
dream,
While beyond beat the waves of Time's wild stream ;
And in sorrow or joy with the moments fleet,
Its billows are breaking at our feet ;
How strange is the scene of toil and strife —
How great is the mystery of mortal life.

We oft in our pride feel grand and strong,
Yet something there is which always goes wrong ;
We never can gain the height we seek,
For we are but mortal and weak, so weak ;
Too low or too high we make our aim,
And few there are who success can claim ;
Searching for happiness if once we find it,
We have no bands strong enough to bind it ;
Now it is here and now it is there,
We seek for it ever and everywhere ;
True gems of life we squander and waste,
While those we cherish are naught but paste.

I wonder if there are in the realms of space,
Other worlds that are peopled with such a race,
Where fashion and folly hold supreme sway,
And rampant wickedness blocks the way ;
Wherever we turn 'tis error and crime.
With war and its horrors the newspapers chime,
And then 'tis enough to make a stone laugh,
To see how we worship the golden calf ;
'Tis nothing but money, money, money,
And the way some gain it is, to say the least, funny.

Things are so mixed in this world's great mart,
Tatters oft hide a hero's grand heart ;
He is the football of fortune and fate,
Treated by man with contumely and hate ;
Yet some in humility bend to a boor,
Forsooth he is rich, perchance they are poor ;
Earth is not the sphere of the lowly and meek,
Wealth is the power and the goal we seek,
As on we rush in our headlong speed,
While behind rides Death on his pale gray steed.

THE FOUNDLING.

A LITTLE bark cast on life's trouble sea
Without a single star to guide its destiny,
A wide, wild, trackless waste to wander o'er
Perchance, ere it shall reach the distant shore ;
Oh, pitying Heaven, what sadder thing can be
Than helpless, homeless, friendless infancy.

Poor little waif, a tear is on its cheek,
Unconscious of its woe still loud that tear doth
speak ;

Poor innocent, no stain of sin thy heart defiles,
Yet thou art lost — the babe looks up and smiles ;
“ Not lost,” an angel whispers in its ear,
“ God is thy Father, and His guardian host is near.”

Yes, angels watch thee, but thou ne'er canst feel
A mother's love-kiss o'er thy features steal,
No father's fondling touch and look of pride,
Brother nor sister's smiles in all the world so wide ;
Ah, hapless babe, perchance thy feet may stray
In darkest paths of crime, no voice of love to stay.

n years to come, when memory's touch shall burn,
With shrinking woe thy thoughts may backward
turn,

Thy infant hours bereft of kindred tie,
Ever the fatal loss upon thy soul must lie ;
In silent sorrow thy sad heart will moan
In this wide world alone, alone, alone.

THE STAGE OF LIFE.

PRINCELY palace and stately halls ;
Velvet cushions and gilded walls ;
Countless comforts and luxuries grand,
Regal splendor on every hand.
Haughty daughters of wealthy sires ;
Lordly sons with a king's desires ;
Pleasure and gayety, party and ball ;
Fashion and folly holds sway over all.
Shaking with cold at the rich man's gates,
The starving child of the poor man waits ;
Thus we meet in the world's sad strife ;
Thus we walk on the stage of life.

Cellar and garret and humble cot ;
Children of poverty, sad is their lot ;
Watching their doors in the freezing air —
Stand the demons Hunger and black Despair,
Few earthly comforts their wants relieve ;
Few earthly joys their woes reprieve !
Distress and trouble obstruct their way,
And clouds of sorrow obscure their day.
They must bow low at the rich man's nod ;
He bends to gold, for gold is his god.

Thus we meet in the world's sad strife ;
Thus we walk on the stage of life.
Chains and dungeons and prison walls ;
Crime and evil the world appalls.
Dishonest rich and dishonest poor,
The lord more guilty than any boor.
Murder and riot and family jars ;
Nations contending and civil wars ;
Scenes of horror that make the heart quail,
The moan of widows, the orphan's wail.
Gall and wormword mixed in each cup ;
Heirs of misfortune must drink it up.
Prince and beggar, master and slave,
Life a delusion from cradle to grave.
Thus we meet in the world's sad strife ;
Thus we move on the stage of life.

EARTH'S TROUBLED DREAM.

AH! well-a-day, 'tis weary work we say,
Climbing the hills of Time,
To hear the joy bells chime,
When troubles drag us down.

Without Hope's ray, 'tis but a low, sad lay,
The faint heart sings,
When dark woe flings
Thorns for a crown.

But if the crown be thorns,
It regally adorns
The mortal brow —
When worn with saintly grace,
And black clouds fly,
From Hope's fair sky,
When we have strength to face
And bear our load,
Up earth's steep road,
Well knowing it will fall
Before the glorious wall,
And at the door of Life,
Sweet real life.

Earth life is but a dream,
We hear all mortals cry,
And Time is death's dark stream,
Beyond it, shining high,
The eternal hills of Life :
Thus man, to live the life that is no dream,
To all earth's dreams must die.

CONDEMNED.

A CRY rang out through the still night air,
A mournful cry, and the words of prayer
Burst fierce from the lips of a mother wild,
As she clasped in her arms her dying child.
Dying it seemed, for its feeble breath
And clouded eye wore the look of death,
And the fading flame of the fever's might,
Stamped the shade on its cheek a ghastly white.

“O God,” she cried, in her anguish wild,
“Spare, spare a lone mother her only child!
The grave shall not cover his beautiful form —
The love of his mother shall keep his heart warm.
He is mine! he is mine! I cannot give him up!
O God, in Thy mercy, take from me this cup!
If death claims my child with the rising sun,
These lips cannot utter, Thy will be done!”

Thus frantic with sorrow she passed the night,
But joy hushed her grief with the morning light,
For the Death Angel stood but a moment to gaze,
And soon flashed the blue eyes with new life rays.

“He is thine!” smiled the sunbeams, that danced
on the floor,

“He is thine!” breathed the soft wind, that opened
the door.

The heart of the mother grew strong in its bliss —
Can she shield him from danger and sin, with love’s
kiss?

.

We follow the flight of the speeding years,
Each brought its burden of sorrow and tears.
Now the fond mother’s anguish no language can
tell,

For she bends o’er her child in a murderer’s cell!
Condemned to death — hear her heart-rending
wail —

Prayers cannot save him, nor tears avail!
Condemned to death, for his unchained wrath
Cast its deadly shade in crime’s burning path.

On this night of anguish and dark despair,
The poor mother remembers her impious prayer,
And shuddering, thinks how she struggled to hold
Her innocent lamb from the kind Shepherd’s fold.
Now humbly she prays that the soul of her son
May be cleansed of its stains, and God’s pardon
won;

Yet ever is rising her heart’s cry wild,
“Would to God he had died when a sinless child!”

THE DYING MOTHER.

SHE sleeps at last ; let deepest silence reign,
For o'er this couch the sable death-wings wave,
And shadowy fingers make commanding signals
To the departing soul, yet granting to the
Mortal sense a short respite from agony,
Ere the last signal's given.

My mother sleeps. Be hushed
Ye moaning winds, lest your wild voice
Should break this sweet repose ; and o'er the brow
So calm and placid now, those lines of wearing
Pain again be drawn. Be still, thy fearful,
Trembling, fainting heart ; keep down the
Rising sob that strains so fiercely to break forth.

O mother dear, my poor heart's only home
Was in thy breast ; and thou art slipping from
My grasp, and I am powerless.

The gloom is terrible
Within, without. Oh ! bitter is my woe, alone,
alone —

In this wide world alone. The wintry blast, now
Sweeping wildly by, is not more bleak than .

The cold world's cheerless smile. How dark,
How drear, a lonely orphan's path! My heart is
Wild in its sad desolation; would that my
Spirit could depart with thine.

And yet how vain,
How worse than useless, these repining thoughts!
Why should I seek to bind a wearied spirit
To these walls of pain, and bid the mortal
Form so dear to me, still bend beneath
The torturing load of gloom and care?
I will not weep. Turn back, ye waters,
To your fount of woe; no tears of selfish grief
Shall stain my cheek; but rather let
Me watch with joy the fleeting breath,
The clouding eye and fitful pulse,
The sundering bonds of Earth.

For long, too long,
Hath grim disease held sway within that
Form; too long the cup of sorrow to those lips
Been held. 'Tis best that I should be alone;
And yet, I'm not alone. For even now a
Soothing, mystic voice seems whispering
In my ear: "Poor child of want and woe!
This world is not your home."

Draw near, ye throng
Of ransomed souls that wait to bear a wearied
Spirit to its home of rest. Draw near and circle

Me within your holy band, that we may watch
Together the last heaving breath; then I can trust
The loving spirit to your care. Farewell but for
A season, mother dear; now bear this parting kiss
Beyond the realms of pain. Thank God! the
bitter

Draught is drained, and angel hands have
Pushed the empty chalice to the earth.
Now mingling with the dust this mortal part
Must lie; but spirit blessed, light, life, and
Joys eternal — all are thine.

THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

I SAT alone, amid the twilight gloom,
And o'er my heart a sable robe was spread ;
My soul was bending o'er a precious tomb,
For my beloved, my darling bride was dead.
No gleam of hope, to cheer me with its light,
No star to gild the clouds of sorrow's night.

"Alone!" I cried; "O God! why dost thou keep
My shattered bark to beat the dismal shore?
Let me within Death's freezing chamber sleep,
Let but *our ashes* mingle — I *can* ask no more!
My faith is dead; I have no hope of life
Beyond the grave that holds my life — my wife!"

Thus sad I murmured, and my troubled soul
Was steeped in doubt, without a hope of Heaven,
When o'er my spirit, joy waves seemed to roll,
And to the mortal sense a mystic power was given;
A brightness gathered, and I seemed to stand
Upon the border of the spirit land.

From clouds of glory came a glittering form,
With features breathing love, and youth, and life.

One glance had power my frozen heart to warm,
One glance restored to me my angel wife;
No death band round the heavenly vision binds :
Glory to God ! the grave no victory finds.

She comes, she comes ! my radiant spirit bride,
More grandly beautiful than any form of earth ;
The starry eyes Death's shadow did not hide,
The beaming smile has found a brighter birth.
There's not a charm that earth gave as a dower,
But Heaven hath touched anew with grace and
power.

Beloved of my soul ! This is no dream ;
I do not sleep, to view this vision grand ;
I see thee — thou art here. Thou dost not seem
Like one whose feet touched not the mortal strand.
But ere I can enfold thee to my heart,
Thou'lt draw thy cloud-veil round thee and depart.

Bright spirit, dear-loved, beauteous bride !
Earth was not fair enough to be thy home ;
Now, thou wilt ever be my heavenly guide,
And thy sweet presence bless where'er I roam ;
Thy love shall save me. My soul's love for thee
Shall burn a steady flame, through all eternity !

BOAST NOT OF THE THINGS OF EARTH.

I HAVE my gold, says the man of wealth,
As he talks to his joyful heart ;
And he fondly dreams that treasure so vast
Shall ne'er from his strong grasp part ;
But softly, with stealthy step, old Time
Creeps on with its shadowy throng
Of storms and tempests, that shake and destroy
The might of his castle strong.

I have my health, says the strong, bold man,
And life has no troubles for me ;
Unwearied I'll roam o'er the face of the earth,
Or sail o'er the grand restless sea.
O man, thy step falters, thy features grow pale ;
How steals this strange weakness o'er thee,
The phantom disease is whispering now,
Thy strength as an infant's shall be.

I have my beauty, the maiden cries,
As she stands in her youth and grace
Before the mirror with satisfied smile,
To gaze on her fair, bright face ;
Perchance a shadowy form draws near,
Holding life's bitterest cup,

And solemnly whispers the sentence dread,
Mortal, thou shalt drink it up.

Boast not thou of the things of earth,
For the spoiler is close on thy track;
Time never gives, and the treasure he lends
He will sooner or later take back.
All things of the earth are unreal and false,
In its promise put never thy trust;
You may reach for its joys and think you have
gained —
You will grasp but a handful of dust.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

“HOME, sweet home, there is no place like home,”
Sang the voice of a wand’ring child :
But a glance in the pleading eyes of blue,
Revealed the heart’s anguish wild.

“Home, sweet home,” — how bitterly fall the words,
How the pale lips quiver with pain,
What mockery to the soul is borne
By the sound of that gentle strain.

“Home, sweet home,” — poor lonely wandering
child,
Thy home some cellar or garret bare,
Where weary and faint at night to go,
And thy food the beggar’s fare.

“Home, sweet home,” — the strain still ringing out,
No bliss to thy heart can the words unfold.
For in thy home the dread phantoms of woe
Long revels of misery hold.

“Home, sweet home,” — still sing of a home, poor
child,
And let all thy dreams of its sweetness be

Where sorrow and anguish shall come no more —
Sweet home that is waiting for thee.

“Home, sweet home,” — yes, home for life’s wan-
dering ones,
Rich mansions of glory forever to share,
And sit at the banquet of pleasure untold,
When free from earth’s torturing care.

THE BLIND GIRL.

HARK! from yon tower the midnight bell sounds
clear,

And dream-land spirits weave their mystic tales,
To breathe within the senseless sleeper's ear,
While Nature's charms the robe of darkness veils.

The blackest shadows fill the silent room ;
No blazing lamp throws its effulgence kind.
What though no star or moonbeam break the gloom,
They could yield naught to me, for I am blind.

Yes, I am blind. Who knows the bitter word,
Who can define its tale of import dire?
Not ye whose hearts misfortune's blasts ne'er stirred,
Not ye whose eyes flash with sweet vision's fire.

I hear the tales of earth's unceasing charms,
Its wondrous mountains, caves and valleys fair ;
I've listened to Niagara's fierce alarms,
And stood in bowers of fragrance, rich and rare.

I've wandered by soft chanting brooks and rills ;
I've culled sweet flowers, whose perfumes breathed
their name,

And hues so bright the scene with glory fills,
But ah ! to me the shades were all the same.

I've heard described the radiance of the sky,
With its overwhelming scenes so grand and free ;
My heart has thrilled and throbbed with an emotion
high :
But oh ! I'd give the world, if it were mine, to see !

I've listened to the wild birds' tuneful lays,
And their sweet notes have filled my soul with joy ;
I've basked beneath Italia's sunny rays —
But all my pleasures find a dark alloy.

Am I repining at my Father's will,
Who has seen fit these mortal eyes to veil ?
Cease, cease thy wailings ! troubled heart, be still !
There is a land whose light makes earth's grow
pale.

A voice seems whispering now within my ear,
“ Poor child of earth ! thy burden soon shall fall ;
Press on thy darkened path without a fear,
Thou soon shalt walk where shadows never pall.

“ There is thy home, and there thy soul shall eat
At the grand banquet by the Father given ;
Thy woes all past, no more thy weary feet
Tread Sorrow's path — there are none blind in
heaven ! ”

MEMORY'S HARP.

WHEN the silent strings of the mystic harp
By Memory's hand are shaken,
And the thrilling strains of wondrous power
The dreams of yore awaken,
We fondly sit with senses wrapt,
And listen to the measure,
While soft the subtle chords are touched,
That breathe of pain or pleasure.

As alone we muse when the daylight dies,
How the wondrous spell comes o'er us,
When the spirit touch on the trembling strings
Brings life's visions all before us.
Sweet childhood years, sweet childhood joys,
Sweet home and dear ones smiling,
When every care and every fear
Loved voices were beguiling.

Now tender love-tones thrill the chords,
A mother's blessing breathing,
A sister's smile, a brother's jest,
A crown of home-bliss wreathing ;

The song of birds, the hum of bees,
The brook, the mill, the wildwood,
The sounds, the scenes, again we roam
The paths so dear in childhood.

Oh, strains like these the soul must thrill
With their pure and holy sweetness,
Though sadness trembles in the notes
That breathe life's incompleteness.
As low we bend o'er many a shrine
Of buried hopes and pleasures,
While tears of sad regret may flow
For our long lost joys and treasures.

UNDER THE GAS-LIGHT.

UNDER the gas-light a poor child stands weeping,
Sadly alone in the city's thronged street,
While round her slight form the bleak night winds
are sweeping,
And aching with cold are her little bare feet.
Feebly, in few words, for alms she is pleading ;
Fainting with hunger, she scarcely can speak ;
Yet by her deep anguish the throng pass unheed-
ing —
Oh, God of the fatherless ! strengthen the weak.

Under the gas-light, in yonder proud dwelling,
Fairy-robed maidens in rare jewels shine,
Dainty feet trip to the joyous notes swelling —
Fashion and Pleasure their forces combine.
There every eye with earth's joy light is beaming ;
There every heart throbs a song of delight ;
Out through the windows the bright glare is stream-
ing,
Lifting the shadows that burden the night.

Under the gas-light, beside many couches,
Bend the lone watchers o'er sickness and pain,

While in the shadow the dark angel crouches,
Waiting to prove that earth's power is vain.
Slowly and sadly the hour-glass is sifting,
Counting the moments that linger with night ;
Gladly the weary heart sees the clouds lifting,
Letting down beams of morn's radiant light.

Under the gas-light, throughout the great city,
Crime and pollution stalk boldly around ;
Scenes that should harrow a demon with pity,
In the vile haunts of the wicked abound.
'Tis ever the same, in the hovel or palace,
Sin's boldest votaries show forth their power,
And drain the foul mixture from infamy's chalice,
Under the gas-light, at midnight's lone hour.

THE TEMPEST.

'Tis midnight, and the storm fiend's host,
Like raging demons guard the coast.
In a lone cottage by the sea,
A mother singing soothingly
A lullaby, to still her child,
In terror at the tempest wild.

Sleep, darling, sleep!

Our God will keep

Thy father on the raging deep,
Safe in the hollow of his hand,
And guide the fragile bark to land.

Heed not the storm, the morn shall bring
Good news ; our hearts shall gladly sing.
The beacon blazes on the hill
To guide the bark in safety still ;
In vain the breakers' furious cry
In thunders rises to the sky.

Sleep, darling, sleep!

Our God will keep

Thy father on the raging deep ;
His hand in mercy, power, and might,
Holds the frail bark this fearful night.

Be hushed thy weeping — do not fear,
An angel guard is watching near ;
Heed not the blast that shakes the cot,
God's love shines o'er our humble lot ;
The storm shall harmless pass away,
Then heed not what the wild waves say.

Sleep, darling, sleep !

Our God shall keep

Thy father on the raging deep ;
The billows mad shall not o'erwhelm,
God's hand in mercy guides the helm.

THE MOTHER'S INVITATION.

COME back to the heart of thy mother —

Come back, oh, my wild wayward boy,
Thou never canst dream how thy absence
Destroys my soul's comfort and joy ;

I watch for thee, lonely and sadly,

As the weeks and the months travel past,
And ask, in the silence of midnight,

How long this sad watching must last.

Come back to the heart of thy mother —

Come back, or its strained chords must break ;
Think not all thy rashness and folly

My steadfast affection can shake.

I see thee in dreams lone and dying,

And wake from my slumber to weep.

I pray for thee daily and nightly,

May angels kind watch o'er thee keep.

Come back to the heart of thy mother,

Thy coldness and silence appalls.

When I think of sin's phantom allurements,

The shadow of death o'er me falls.

Where'er from thy home thou dost wander,

Whatever thy fortune may be,

The heart of thy mother, remember,

Is waiting and watching for thee.

THE SONGS OF MEMORY.

WHEN Memory sings her gayest songs,
And mirthful tunes arise,
We catch the sunny gleams of joy
That all so dearly prize.
There's a sound of laughter in the strain
That thrills the lyre's sweet strings,
Which to the heart by trouble bowed,
A cheering comfort brings.

When Memory sings her sweetest songs,
We list with rapt delight,
And at the glad and thrilling strains
The saddest heart grows light.
We're lost 'mid scenes of by-gone bliss —
The present fades away,
And for a time the care-worn soul
Basks 'neath sweet pleasure's ray.

When Memory sings her saddest songs,
A solemn stillness holds
The senses, and a sable robe
The throbbing heart enfolds.
Yet pure and holy is the touch
That wakes the bitter theme.
Ah, not in vain to man is given
Sweet Memory's saddest dream.

THE LONE WATCHER.

OH! sad I sit by a lone hearth-stone,
Where the fire burns low and dim!
While the howling storm in a solemn tone
With notes of grief like a human moan,
Shrieks out a fearful hymn.

'Tis a wild, wild night, and I cannot sleep,
For my soul is filled with dread;
I must lonely sit, and pray and weep
For the fragile barks on the troubled deep,
Till the appalling storm has fled.

A black mist-veil hides the beacon light,
And the breakers thunder loud;
Death sweeps his scythe o'er the sea to-night,
And the raging waves with their foam-hands white
Weave many an ocean shroud.

A weird light shines on the cottage floor
Like the ocean's ghastly glare;
And a host of shapes come trooping o'er,
That break like waves on a rock-bound shore,
And a ship seems pictured there.

Now my heart leaps up with a frantic fear
As the mystic shadows rise,
And I hear a sound, or I seem to hear,
Like the voice of one to my soul most dear,
Blending with anguish cries.

What furious thrills through my heart-strings creep.
Ab! the storm has wrecked the bark
As the mountain billows o'er it leap,
And in fragments small its timbers sweep;
Naught is left the spot to mark.

Do I sleep and dream, or does fancy rave,
That my mind should roam so wild?
I can think of naught but an ocean grave,
Of a sinking bark which no power can save!
God help my wandering child.

THOU BID'ST ME SING A MERRY SONG
TO-NIGHT.

THOU bid'st me sing a merry song to-night,
A song with laughter mingling in the strain,
But songs of mirth and joy are not for one
Whose heart-strings tremble with woe's bitter pain.

A merry song, to give thee true delight,
Must rise from hearts with sadness never wed ;
Naught but discordant sounds the lyre can give
From strings whose harmony is lost or dead.

And yet I would not sing a solemn strain ;
Though sadness lingers round my spirit now,
Though clouds and darkness hover o'er my head,
Hope's radiant crown still shines upon my brow.

And if earth prove for long a barren shore,
And night still sends its shade my bark to greet,
I'll cast my bread upon the waters wide,
And count the stars that glimmer 'neath my feet.

Their tender lustre on the waves of life,
Reflected from the bounty of the sky,

Unnoticed 'mid the darkness oft is passed,
Sweet blessings oft-times long unheeded lie.

Now with sweet Nature I would strive to sing
A song of thanks that may not rise in vain ;
Though mirth and joy may not their gladness fling,
I fain would smother all that breathes of pain.

THE MORGUE.

FOUND the body of a woman quite unknown,
From which, long since, life's vital spark had flown;
Unclaimed and friendless now the poor girl lies,
A mark for strange and wonder-gazing eyes;
From the dark river's bed, they drew the dripping
 form,
Where she had sought to rest from earth's wild pelt-
 ing storm.

In tender pity lay thy hand upon the marble brow,
From which has passed all signs of torturing an-
 guish now;
The dark and curling locks were once some mother's
 pride,
When safe from harm she held her darling by her
 side,
And little dreaming what the future kept in store,
Hoping to shun the waves that beat life's dreary
 shore.

Ah, who can tell how that poor heart was torn —
What bitter woe had made it weak and worn ;

Perchance upon its altar, love's sweet incense fair
Had proved but a dread offering to despair.

Perchance neglect and coldness, and the darkest fears,
Have made those death-dimmed eyes weep heart-
 wrung tears.

Perchance alone, and friendless, with no ray of hope,
Her sorrows were too mighty for her strength to cope.

Rest, weary soul, no more the heart shall ache ;
No more its silent strings shall strain and break.

Rest, weary soul, above thy woes are known,
A God of mercy heard thy last sad moan ;
Though dire misfortune to thy lot was given,
LOVE gives thee peace, and hope, and joy, and
 heaven.

SHADES OF EVENING.

IN the western waves are dipping
The royal banners of the sun ;
And the zephyrs softly sighing,
Breathe day's parting benison.
Flowers are sleeping,
Moonbeams creeping,
O'er the shadowy twilight skies,
And the solemn voice of Nature
Bids our thoughts to Heaven arise.

Now the radiant stars appearing,
In their heavenly glory shine,
Singing their grand thrilling anthem,
Written by the hand Divine.
Words of gladness,
Driving sadness,
From the heart of mortal man,
Singing of a bright hereafter,
Though earth-life is but a span.

Thus the shades of night are creeping
Swift o'er mortal's earthly day ;

May the light of wisdom beaming
On their hearts, their actions sway,
Error chiding,
Always guiding,
Lifting thoughts from earthly dreams,
To the pure and glorious region
Where God's sunlight ever streams.

EARTH'S SHADOWS.

COULD mortal heart be truly satisfied
To dwell forever in a world like ours?
What though 'tis grand in beauty, birds, and flowers,
In hill, and vale, and silver rippling tide.

Though Nature spreads her choicest charms to view,
Though softest, sweetest strains of music sound;
Though fame, or royal riches should abound,
With magic scenes of brightness, ever new,

There are so many bitter, bitter things,
So many, — even trifles light as air,
And little clouds that dim life's sunshine fair,
Beside the darker shade that wild woe flings.

So many times when coldness or deceit,
From hearts we love has touched with sick'ning
blight;
Putting the kind and tender thoughts to flight,
Mixing with gall the cup of friendship sweet.

So many haunting thoughts of deep regret,
For word and deed, no power can recall;

So many hours when sorrow's tears must fall,
So many things we gladly would forget.

So many tales of woe and misery,
That needs must strike the true unselfish heart ;
So many human ills that hurl the dart
Of agony, which mortal cannot flee.

So much deep yearning for the loved and lost,
Such longing for the forms we see no more ;
Grief's dismal shadow standing in the door,
And hopes on waves of disappointment tost.

While restless breathings of the captive soul,
Which all earth's power can never smother quite,
In fleeting joys can never take delight,
For haunting dreams of a bright, far-off goal ;

Where all these vexing things shall pass away,
And joys undreamed of linger with us still ;
Where sweet fruition every soul shall fill,
And ne'er a shadow dim life's glorious ray.

Ah, no ! who would live always in a world like this,
With pain and sorrow waiting at each door,
When there's a brighter, purer, happier shore,
And God's own promise of eternal bliss ?

UNDER THE SNOW MY DARLING LIES.

UNDER the snow my darling lies,
Under the cold white snow ;
I dream of the glance of those love-lit eyes,
And the tears from mine will flow.
While ever my heart in anguish sighs
Its mournful anthem low,
Under the snow my darling lies,
Under the cold white snow.

The clouds have spread their sable veils,
The earth is wrapped in gloom ;
I list to the wind as it loudly wails
Over the lonely tomb.
While ever and ever my heart replies,
As the wild moans come and go,
Under the snow my darling lies,
Under the cold white snow.

Bright as gold was my darling's hair,
Pure as the snow her heart ;
Sweet as the rose and lily fair,
Owning of each a part.

No tender glance from the azure eyes,
Can hush my song of woe,
Under the snow my darling lies,
Under the cold white snow.

Oh, sadly I miss thy gentle voice ;
Thy brightly beaming smile
Held power to make the heart rejoice ;
Sorrow and care beguile.
Thy sweet, sweet words my soul doth prize,
While chanting sad and low,
Under the snow my darling lies,
Under the cold white snow.

Could I but lift my thoughts above
The shadow of the tomb,
And seek in the land of light and love,
The land of eternal bloom,
My lost one with the love-lit eyes,
I'd sing no more in woe,
Under the snow my darling lies,
Under the cold white snow.

Oh, Father ! send to the stricken heart
The light of hope and peace,
That maketh each clinging doubt depart,
Bidding each murmur cease,
Stillling the notes of grief that rise,
The despairing wail of woe,
Under the snow my darling lies,
Under the cold white snow.

PRESENTIMENT.

A SHADOW steals around the heart,
A cloud spreads o'er the sun ;
The tuneful strings of joy's glad lyre,
A sadder strain have won.

We listen to the mystic notes
That breathe of coming woe,
And ask in awe why o'er the soul
Such troubled waves should flow.

With eager search the earnest mind
Sees no dread tempest near ;
Still o'er the anxious, throbbing heart,
Creeps the dark subtile fear.

In vain hope's star in splendor burns,
Its radiance seemeth dim ;
While yet the soul awaits the end
Of the strange, solemn hymn.

What means the mournful haunting song
Of sorrow's phantom choir ?
Does it foretell the soul must pass
Through grief's refining fire ?

And as a messenger who brings
Sad news to some fond heart,
In kind and tender whispers will
The tidings dire impart.

And thus the mystic song prepares
The soul to meet the blow ;
That when affliction's tide shall rise,
Its waves may not o'erflow.

TOO LATE.

Two simple words, whose fearful power
The soul has felt in sorrow's hour
When from the depths of dark despair
The heart wails forth its anguish prayer,
Mid storms of woe that oft arise
And wrap in gloom life's radiant skies;
Hope builds no rainbow o'er the gate,
Closed with the solemn words, — 'Too late !

How oft amid the cares of life
While passing through the world's great strife,
We rush unheeding by sweet joys,
And blindly count them worthless toys;
Till, standing on some barren plain,
We turn and view our path again;
See the lost blessings, dear and great,
And sadly moan, — 'Too late, too late !

Perchance is hurled the stinging dart
That wrings with grief a dear one's heart,
The angry, bitter, parting word,
With burning touch remorse has stirred;

Till forced a pardon kind to seek,
With eager, loving words to speak,
Return to find Death reigns in state,
While pitying angels sigh, — Too late !

The prisoner in his dungeon cell,
Led by the strength of sin's dread spell,
Whose hands are red with human blood,
Steeped in crime's wild degrading flood,
Turns backward to his early days,
And tracks again his boyish ways ;
Finds the first step that led him down
To tremble neath a prison's frown.

He sees again the dear ones stand,
Who then formed home's unbroken band ;
A mother's prayers and bitter tears,
A father's counsel, anxious fears,
Hears all, as pass the phantom train ;
Sees all his errors, writhes in pain.
Remorse, regret, upon him wait,
And demons shout, — Too late, too late !

Low spread beneath our mortal feet
Behold Hope's scorned offerings sweet
There lie the lost and misspent hours,
There lie Truth's crushed, neglected flowers,
And when night shades begin to fall,
In vain would man the past recall ;
The soul bends o'er life's shadowy gate,
And wails earth's saddest words, — Too late !

IMAGINATION.

O wondrous Spirit, servant of the mind,
A mighty record of thy power we find.
In glittering robes thou cometh from afar,
With wingèd steeds and shining silver car,
And giving place to mortals at thy side,
Glide through the realms of fancy far and wide.

Now, guided by thy shadowy finger pale,
We climb the mountain, or roam through the vale;
With lightning speed we reach a foreign shore
And listen to Vesuvius' awful roar.
Down to the depths of deepest oceans sink,
Or from the fount of distant planets drink,
Now ride on seas where waves of beauty roll,
Or view dread scenes that scare the gazing soul.

O mighty Spirit, who can bound thy power
To lead the mind through pleasure's gilded bower,
Where radiant pictures of some fond desire,
Seem ever glowing with truth's living fire,
When every thought that fancy can invent,
Is to thy cause and service freely lent.
We view the absent with thy magic glass,

Or through some distant home unseen we pass ;
We leap o'er years and see the coming change,
We're free through realms of time and space to range ;
Thou bearest the soul by strange and devious ways,
To gaze on scenes where mortals never gaze ;
Where foot of mortal man has never trod,
Aye, even to the very throne of God.

TO A LITTLE CHILD.

OH! laughing, bright-eyed little one,
With thy sportive childish grace,
And the beaming look of happiness
Upon thy baby face,
Who can but feel the witching charm
That lingers round thee now,
With the radiant star of innocence
Bright shining on thy brow.

Oh! tis the glory of that star,
That draws my heart to thee ;
Thy prattling words of joy and mirth,
Thy wild infantine glee ;
No darkling shade of care or sin
Rests on thy spirit now ;
Earth's warring passions have not marred
Thy lovely truth-crowned brow.

God bless thy pure and happy heart,
And keep it free from guile ;
And may thy lips in years to come,
Ne'er lose truth's holy smile.

May angels guide thy youthful steps
To shun the paths of sin ;
And keep the temple of thy soul,
That all be fair within.

Laugh on, laugh on ! thou happy one,
And with the sunbeams play ;
And may they ever o'er thy path
Cast their bright golden ray.
May earth's dread blighting storms ne'er chill
Thy soul with gloom and fears ;
Ne'er may the glad light of thine eyes
Be quenched in sorrow's tears.

A JOURNEY WITH MEMORY.

UPON a mystic journey,
With sweet Memory hand in hand,
Together we will wander
Towards the golden land;
The golden land of childhood,
Seeking a rural spot,
Where bright vines creep and clamber
Over a humble cot.

'Tis a radiant summer morning,
And upon the gentle breeze
The birds' love-songs are floating,
With the busy hum of bees,
And the clear pure air is heavy
With the rich breath of the flowers,
And bright butterflies are flashing
In and out the rosy bowers.

Ah! we have reached the garden;
Stand still, my soul, and gaze
Upon the royal brightness
Of the flowery jewels' rays, —

Pinks, tulips, lilies, roses,
Too many gems to call
A 'wildring maze of beauty,
Covering e'en the rustic wall.

The cottage door stands open,
And a little child sits there,
With roguish eyes of azure,
And curly flaxen hair.
In her lap a snow-white kitten
She is striving now to deck
With the garland she has woven
For her darling Lily's neck.

We will step within the cottage :
Sweet peace is brooding there,
And a tender strain is floating
Out on the summer air.
Ah, listen, soul ! thou hast never
From the grandest harp or lute,
Heard notes that thrill with sweetness,
As the strains from that dear old flute.

We will sit beneath the low roof,
Fond Memory true and I,
And wait for the dancing raindrops
As the summer shower sweeps by ;
And list the subtle melody,
The soothing mystic strain,
While keeping time to the measure,
Trip the tender feet of the rain.

Now the gentle shower is over,
How rich and rare the scene ;
The trees in the apple-orchard,
Fresh robed in glittering sheen ;
The fond warm kiss of the sunshine
Dries the tears of the weeping flowers ;
And the birds in newborn gladness,
Loudly sing in the shining bowers.

The babbling brook is calling
From the foot of the velvet bank ;
And a fragrant incense rises
From the mint spires, tall and rank ;
O Memory, let me linger,
Clasping sweet joys divine ;
The pure and tender pleasures
Buried in childhood's shrine.

THE WHISPERS OF HOPE.

WITH tired hands and weary feet
We plod along life's way,
And oft amid its gloom and storm
We see no cheering ray ;
Yet in the depths of darkest night
A subtile whisper sounds,
Cheer up ! press on ! thy feet shall stand
Where rest and joy abounds.

The mother bending o'er her child,
Holds council with her soul,
And pictures out its bright career,
As time shall onward roll.
Hope whispers of the fair and grand,
And hides all gloom and fears ;
She by the light so clear and bright,
Sees naught but that which cheers.

The weary seamstress at her toil,
In bare and wretched home,
With woe and famine beckoning her
'Neath their stern power to come,

Hears, like a far off song of joy,
A heavenly whisper sound :
Cheer up ! cheer up ! there's brighter days,
When comfort shall abound.

The wife, who sees her husband sink
Beneath the demon's power
When the black chains of intemperance
Clank louder every hour,
Crushed low beneath the ruin wild,
She lifts her head to hear
The dulcet tones of Hope's sweet lyre,
That sound alone to cheer.

Mid all the ills that throng life's path,
Whate'er the sorrow be,
By anguish dire, and woe oppressed,
Sweet Hope, we turn to thee ;
Thou standeth by the bed of death,
When heartstrings sore are riven,
And with thy voice of love divine,
Point weeping friends to heaven.

Great God ! we thank Thee for this gift !
This radiant royal prize,
For ever to the soul it sings
The song of Paradise.
Leading the weary feet of man
Till heaven's gates unbar,
And he in glory shall be crowned
With Life's immortal star.

FORGIVE AS THOU WOULDST BE FOR-
GIVEN.

FORGIVE, if thou wouldst be forgiven,
Hold not dark hate within thy heart ;
'Tis not for thee to act a part
All disapproved by Heaven.

Forgive the word, forgive the deed,
Though word be hard, and deed be dark ;
The generous soul will scarcely mark,
Nor bid the erring plead.

Forgive as thou wouldst be forgiven,
Whate'er the wrong which thou hast borne,
Though cruel hath thy soul been torn,
And thou with scorn hath striven.

Forgive, 'tis a divine command ;
Hast thou a foe, then call him friend ;
Has he a need, then kindly lend ;
'Twill quench hate's burning brand.

Forgive, thou never canst regret
That thou hath crushed an evil down ;

To smile is better than to frown ;
Forgive, and then forget.

Forgive, as thou wouldst be forgiven,
Or ne'er thy cry — " Father, forgive
Our trespasses as we forgive,"
Shall reach the court of Heaven.

WOULDST THOU BE HAPPY?

WOULDST thou be happy?

Catch each sunny ray,
What though if faint and fleeting be,
That streams across thine earthly way;
Treasure it up as thou would gold and gems,
Bind the soft radiance round thy heart,
And though dark clouds arise,
Thy light will not depart.

Wouldst thou be happy?

Be at peace with all;
Hurl the dark passions from thy soul,
Let not the blighting shadow fall —
Of envy, malice, hate, or discontent —
Forever with thy conscience be at peace,
For wild disquiet give no cause,
And inward strife shall cease.

Wouldst thou be happy?

Look not from afar,
For the pure light — a spark, is at thy side —
And soon will blaze a star,
If thou wilt fan it with a gentle breath;
Small deeds of kindness lend a sweet repose,

Good cheering words and smiles,
And warmth of sympathy that glows.

Wouldst thou be happy ?

Let not cankering care
Eat a straight pathway through thy heart,
Hiding the beautiful and fair
That God hath made to glorify the earth ;
Grasp the grand beauty, catch the golden
light ;
The clouds that hide the sun shall pass,
And stars illumine thy night.

Wouldst thou be happy ?

Love thy fellow man,
Hold serious counsel for another's aid ;
Leave not thy soul beneath the selfish ban,
With generous thought intent the needy seek ;
Thou happiness shalt find upon the sod,
Doing what good thou canst,
Loving and serving God.

SHALL WE EVER MEET AGAIN ?

SADLY when with dear ones parting,
How it rends the heart with pain,
While the spirit cry is rising,
Shall we ever meet again ? •
When long, weary miles are stretching,
And the gulf of distance yawns,
How the night of sorrow lingers,
Ere the golden morning dawns.

How the heart is ever watching
Dark forebodings that will come,
And a shadow of misfortune
Seems to haunt the lonely home ;
Oh, this parting ! oh, this parting !
How it rends the heart in twain,
While the spirit cries in anguish,
Shall we ever meet again ?

Still we hear sweet Hope's soft whisper,
Sounding through the night of pain ;
All is well now with the absent,
Thou wilt surely meet again,
And we wrap the soothing comfort
Like a mantle round our souls,

Wait the loved in peace and patience,
Though between an ocean rolls.

But, oh God! the awful parting,
Human hearts' unfailing doom,
When about the dear beloved
Falls the shadow of the tomb,
Then in anguish, deep, despairing,
When earth's power to hold is vain,
Wild the spirit cry is rising,
Shall we ever meet again?

We have watched the dim eyes closing,
We have caught the last fond word,
We have clasped the icy fingers,
Never more by love's touch stirred;
We have laid the dear one lowly,
Dust to dust returns again,
Loud the soul-wrung wail is sounding,
Shall we ever meet again?

Ah! sweet Hope in glory rises,
And her heavenly answer gives:
Look above for strength and comfort,
Mourn not — thy beloved still lives;
By the immortal gate he waiteth,
Free from earthly care and pain;
Wrap this golden robe around thee,
Thou shalt surely meet again!

THE DYING CHILD'S VISION.

A LITTLE girl twelve years of age, when dying, said to her mother, who was bending over her weeping, "Mother, the room is full of angels, don't you see them ? Oh, don't you hear them sing ? There is sister Fannie standing at your side (an elder sister who had died two years before). She kisses your cheek — don't weep, dear mother." Then, after a moment's pause, she added : "Oh, you do not see as I do — you cannot hear as I can !"

DEAR mother, said a dying child,
Oh, call it not a dream,
The radiant vision I behold
A bower of Heaven doth seem ;
There's angels all about my bed,
They are bending o'er me now,
And with the softest touch of love
They soothe my aching brow.

There is darling sister Fannie !
She is standing at your side :
Could you but see how fair she is,
Your heart would thrill with pride ;
She touches with her lips your cheek,
Do you not feel her kiss ?
The pleasures of all earth combined
Could not give joy like this.

Do you not see them, mother dear?
Do you not hear them sing?
Oh, such sweet peace and happiness
No mortal song could bring;
They tell me not to fear, mother,
They will bear me in their arms
To a land most beautiful and bright,
With Heaven's unfading charms.

Oh, dear, dear mother, do not weep,
'Tis best that I should go
With this rejoicing, happy band,
Whose robes are white as snow;
They tell me you shall come, mother,
That soon we'll meet again,
And dwell together in a home
Unknown to tears and pain.

You cannot see as I do, mother,
You cannot hear their song;
I do not sleep, I do not dream,
To view this radiant throng —
A veil has fallen from my eyes,
While yet I linger here;
Oh, dearest mother, do not weep,
Let joy dry every tear.

Their song now bids me come, mother,
Oh, how it thrills my soul,
What waves of heavenly melody
O'er my charmed senses roll!

Come home ! come home ! sweet spirit,
Life, light, and joy are thine,
Come home ! come home ! sweet spirit,
To our land of love divine.

A MOTHER'S LOVE AND WOE.

OH, can it be? My son! my son!
Oh, thus, my God, to find my darling boy!
Bereft of every hope and every joy,
Ere the first years of manhood won!

Oh, dread, oh, cruel, cruel fate!
My soul is sick with deadly fears,
My eyes are blind with scalding tears,
Oh, cruel, cruel, bitter fate!

Prison walls and iron bars!
To hold my dear beloved child,
My heart with agony is wild,
Black gloom hope's last ray mars!

Poor boy! dear boy — how pale!
Yes, I will wipe my tears away,
And strive to comfort while I stay;
God help me, if I sadly fail!

Poor child — your temples throb with pain!
Here, lay your head on mother's breast,
Now let it softly, sweetly rest;
There, mother holds her boy again!

Forsake you, dear? No, never, never!

What though this flood of crime and shame
Sweeps round my heart like waves of flame,
Earth has no power my love to sever!

I came not to reproach you, dear!

God knows, your lot is hard enough to bear,
And I, my son, each drop of woe must share;
Let me wipe that bitter, bitter tear!

Soft, bright hair! — let me smooth it — so —

There, darling, does the pain grow less
When my hands upon your temples press?
My child, I share your bitter woe!

Let us kneel, now, dear, and pray!

God knows the impulse of the human heart,
He knows how deep the deadly smart,
And He alone can send of hope a ray.

Dear Father, in Thy mercy and Thy love,

Look down upon my poor, despairing child,
Brought low by human passion — sin defiled;
Send us Thy light and comfort from above!

One ray of comfort! Look within the heart —

Behold, it is a stricken mother pleads,
Behold the heart's wild anguish, how it bleeds —
One ray of comfort, ere from him I part!

May Thy kind mercy and redeeming love be won,
Thou canst make white the darkest robe of sin;
Speak to my weeping child — send peace within;
I ask it in the name of Thy dear Son!

THE DOVE OF HEAVEN.

Oh, come to me, sweet dream of light !

Oh, come to me, sweet vision bright !

So glorious, rich, and grand,

So clear and rare, in every shade,

With joy's pure rays that never fade,

Within that Eden land.

Oh, soul of life ! Oh, soul of love !

Send to the heart thy white winged dove,

And let it nestle there.

'Twill drive away all thought of pain,

'Twill breathe of hopes that are not vain,

Hopes which the angels share.

Spirit of love ! Thou knoweth well

The captive soul may never tell

What it must still endure.

Then send the white winged dove of peace,

And it shall bid each murmur cease,

And earthly sorrows cure.

When fluttering down on radiant wing,

The soul to greet shall upward spring,

And clasp the glorious prize,

About the snowy breast and throat,
We see the heavenly message float,
The message from the skies.

Sweet, cheering, soothing words of love,
Sent from the Father's hand above,
The hope to mortals given ;
The golden bands that bind the soul,
When Time's black waves of trouble roll,
The healing balm of Heaven.

Then come, oh, come, sweet dream of light,
And bird of peace with pinions bright,
Rest on the mortal shore,
And bless each weary, fainting heart,
That bears of grief a double part,
Till earth's wild storms are o'er.

LOST.

Lost ! lost ! lost !
A beautiful little child !
Lost ! lost ! lost !
Hear the mother raving wild !
Come, friends, come, let us know no rest,
Till we bring safe back to the dear home nest,
And place in joy on its mother's breast,
The beautiful little child !

Lost ! lost ! lost !
A maiden young and fair !
Lost ! lost ! lost !
Mid a city's sin and glare,
Come, friends, come, for the love of God
Seek, for the very path she trod
Is black with perdition's treacherous sod.
Oh, save the maiden fair !

Lost ! lost ! lost !
A widow's only son !
Lost ! lost ! lost !
Ere the years of manhood won !

Haste, friends, haste, and bring in pity back,
To a heart that every spark of joy must lack
If sinks beneath crime's rapid, whirling track,
The widow's only son.

Lost ! lost ! lost !
A priceless human soul !
Lost ! lost ! lost !
Near destruction's deadly goal !
Haste, friends, haste, it may not be too late,
To save the fallen from an awful fate ;
Angels, hold ye wide Hope's golden gate,
For a priceless human soul.

POEMS OF NATURE AND THE SEASONS.



NATURE'S CHARMS.

How sweet to rest upon a mossy bank,
When softest zephyrs lightly round us play,
Watching the wild bee sip the honey dew,
And musing, dream the hours of bliss away.

To stretch the hand, and grasp the daisy bright,
And dally with the young vines climbing near ;
Or from the soft cheek of the sweet wild rose,
Brush tenderly the pearly dewdrop tear.

Where the free air is laden with perfume
From buttercups filled with the morning dew ;
And the rich breath of clover, white and red,
Amid the tall grass, brightly gleaming through.

Where the deep silence shall be stirred alone,
When wild birds carol their melodious strains,
Joined with the buzz of insect, hum of bee,
Till Nature's harmony within us reigns.

Till from the mind and from the weary heart,
Earth's sordid visions vanish for a time ;
And at the feet fair heaven itself seems spread,
New beauty rising with each thought sublime.

Ah ! then the soul may mount on airy wing,
Freed for a moment from the earthly sod,
And grasp a golden link from Nature's chain,
And a grand lesson from the book of God.

THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

STAND ye in the holy temple,
Grandly roofed with arching skies ;
Listen to the glorious anthems,
Like sweet incense now they rise ;
And about the radiant altar
Floats the blessed white-winged dove,
Bearing in its beak the motto
Sent from heaven, " God is love."

Seek ye now for sacred writings ?
Read, read from the unfolded page
Written o'er by God's own fingers,
Handed down from age to age ;
Brain nor hand of man ne'er labored
To uprear this work profound ;
Thus we in every part discover
Gems of light and truth abound.

Through the dim aisles of the forest,
Rising from each vale and plain,
Sound sweet lessons of instruction,
And a never-ending strain ;

On each hill and stately mountain,
Thronging all the vast greenwood,
Stand the earnest priests of nature,
Chanting ever, "God is good."

By each babbling brook and fountain,
From the mighty ocean's strand,
Ever, ever still is rising
Wisdom echoes, true and grand;
And they hold a power triumphant,
Power to lift from earthly sod,
Lead the wandering faith of mortals
Nature through, to Nature's God.

TO THE JAPAN LILY.

THY wondrous beauty, like a poem,
Grand, soft-chanted by mysterious
Voices of the air, sings to my soul
A subtile song that breathes of
Heaven, and the bright, glowing
Bowers of Paradise.

To me, thou
Bearest in thy radiant face
A look of grander majesty than
Crowned king or queen of earth ;
And to my list'ning heart thou
Hast more power to speak than
Human tongue.

Bathed in the
Sweetness of thy fragrant breath,
The senses revel in thy glorious
Charms, and like pure incense
From the altar of the heart's
Deep gratitude, softly there
Rises up a prayer of thanks
That God hath blessed our
Land with beauty such as thine.

BEAUTIFUL DEW-DROPS.

BEAUTIFUL dew-drops, jewels of light,
Dropped from the crown of the goddess of night;
They flash in her chain of mystical links,
And blaze in the fount where the fire-fly drinks;
Beautiful dew-drops, diamonds so rare,
Spangle the locks of night's dusky-brown hair.

Beautiful dew-drops, flashing at morn,
Brighter than gems in earth's diadems worn;
Ruddy their light on the lily's cheek glows,
Pearly they gleam from the heart of a rose;
Beautiful dew-drops, gems from the sky,
Tears on the lash of the flower's bright eye.

Beautiful dew-drops touch the green sod,
Soft as the sweet benediction of God,
Nature exults o'er the glorified shower,
And adds a fresh charm to each radiant bower;
Beautiful dew-drops, hid in the dark moss,
Light up its depths with a crystalline gloss.

Beautiful dew-drops, fairest of pearls,
Adorning each bud where the blooming vine curls,

Richer and purer thy worth seems to me
Than gems from the mountain, or pearls from the sea ;
Beautiful dew-drops, shimmering bright,
Mimic the stars in their twinkling light.

Beautiful dew-drops, kissed by the sun,
Back to the casket of midnight are won ;
Vainly we seek for the glittering shower
That washed the fair face of each slumbering flower ;
Beautiful dew-drops, type of earth's joys,
Fleeting and frail as earth's crumbling toys.

THE DAISY'S LESSON.

A LITTLE daisy, lifting up its head
From the cold pillows of its frosty bed,
Turned its white face toward the sun and said ;

Oh, King of Glory, thou dost deign to bless
And smile upon me in my sore distress,
And save my life with thy soft, sweet caress.

And yet I'm but a simple little flower,
Not grand enough to deck a lady's bower,
Still thou dost portion me a golden dower.

What shall I do that shall in part repay
The blessing thou hast given me this day,
When weak and trembling on my bed I lay ?

Thou hast inspired me with a wondrous thought,
And I behold the lesson thou hast taught,
And thy desire I will not set at naught.

In softest whisper I to man must speak,
And to the lowly and the sad and weak
Point out the blessings which they vainly seek.

For thou dost from thy high and glorious state
Bestow thy notice on the rich and great,
No more than on the lowest child of Fate !

And thou art the bright emblem smile of God,
Who marked thy course with His omniscient rod,
And bade thee flood with glory Earth's dark sod.

And with thy flaming tongue to mortals tell
Thy mighty Maker doeth all things well ;
The lowly yet shall in His mansions dwell.

Why should the humble child of earth repine ?
Jehovah's watchful glance upon his path shall shine,
Until his feet stand firm on shores divine.

TO A ROSE IN WINTER.

WELCOME, thou radiant gem !
Thrice welcome, on this dark and bitter morn,
With the wild storm beating on the window
Pane, and the furious winter wind howling
Its rude song of triumph.

Like a spirit of light
Thou cometh in thy smiling beauty,
Breathing a blessing with thy fragrant
Breath, and whispering words of cheering
Import to the heart, that shall unbar its
Gloomy doors and let a flood of summer
Sunshine in.

Thy words are sweet unto the
Listening soul, for thou art breathing of a
Fairer land, whose shining shores forever glitter
With joy's golden sands. Where radiant hill-tops
Glow with living sunbeam crowns, where summer
Skies arch o'er bright fields of fadeless green,
And rare celestial bowers in dazzling
Splendor shine, and hold in peaceful
Tenderness immortal flowers, for e'er untouched
By freezing wintry storms.

Glad is thy song, sweet
Rose, for it is all of heaven and happiness,
And thou art as a messenger of hope and
Joy by our kind Father sent, to bless and
Cheer the dreary earth, and with thy summer
Smile make bright the day of gloom.

We greet thee as a dear sweet friend long
Absent from our side, and gazing in thy
Beauteous face, we'll count the blessings
That our Father sends, forgetting care
And pain. We'll dream sweet dreams of
Brighter days to come, when earth's wild
Storms of sorrow beat no more, and o'er
The gloomy hill of Time our weary feet
Have trod, leading our raptured souls
That they may bask in the glorious
Realms of the summer-land, 'neath
The dazzling smile of God.

WHAT THE DAISY SAID.

Dost remember, long ago, one May-day fair,
When thou didst weave a garland for thy hair,
And on a mossy bank didst linger long,
Humming the sweet tune of a simple song,

Thou didst gaze in my face, and spoke to me
Of thy grand hopes, and things that were to be ;
A merry light shone in thy beaming eye,
As thou the garland 'mid thy curls did tie.

Then, with a gay laugh, thou didst say to me,
That thou the queen of Flora's realms would be ;
And, strewing wild flowers round thy shining throne,
Claimed all the glittering jewels as thine own.

A silver stream ran near the mossy bank,
Where water-lilies and tall flags grew rank ;
With mimic pomp, thou to the brink did pass,
And claimed its tide thy royal looking-glass.

Dost thou remember when day's rosy bars
Had faded, thou didst watch the stars,
When o'er thy spirit came an earnest thought,
Which to thy heart a holy lesson taught ?

A thought like this seemed passing through thy mind :
What royal crowns those radiant stars would bind ;
Then from thy brow the daisy garland took,
And found it wore a withered, faded look.

And then, saidst thou, the crowns of earth are dross,
Its pomp and pride are but the spirit's loss ;
And thou did ask that grace to thee be given,
That thou mightst wear a starry crown in heaven.

WILD FLOWERS.

THE daisy and the buttercup,
They were my childhood friends ;
What sweet dreams of the long ago
Their radiant presence lends.
What sweet dreams of the meadow
With its fragrant clover blooms,
And the royal carpet Nature weaves
In her grand and mighty looms.

When climbing o'er the rocky height
To gain the bright bluebell,
How rich the pine and cedar's breath
Upon the senses fell ;
And glancing down the dizzy steep
Where the bright Hudson lay,
How sweet to watch upon its waves
The shimmering sunbeams play.

And there the honeysuckle, too,
In richest clusters hung,
And there strange, wax-like blossoms
Their subtile fragrance flung ;

I have strolled through many a garden fair,
Where the rarest beauty blends,
But none e'er caused my heart to thrill,
As my dear, sweet childhood friends.

'Tis well to sing of childhood hours ;
What purer thoughts can rise,
What is there in the joys of earth
The heart can dearer prize
Than shining fields and blooming flowers,
The birds, the rocks, the trees.
Ah, mortal, with the care-worn brow,
What sweeter balm than these?

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE chill rains weep
Where the roses sleep
Low in their bower bed;
And the sad winds moan
In a solemn tone,
For the flowers of Summer dead.

Pale Autumn weaves
Of the falling leaves
Rich garlands for their tomb,
And whispers low
Of the sleet and snow
That will hide the royal bloom.

In the power I trust,
Though ye turn to dust,
She chants in a solemn strain,
Ye yet shall rise,
And mortal eyes
Shall see thy forms again.

Then sleep, sweet flowers,
In your silent bowers,

Till Spring's glad trump shall sound,
 When wild storms cease,
 And all is peace,
And light and life abound.

NIAGARA FALLS.

GREAT God! within Thy glorious temple, mute
with awe,

We stand and listen to the pealing hymn
Of thine Omnipotence. In all this wide, wide world
Where can earth's children go to learn a grander
lesson

Of Thy Majesty? What human tongues with
burning

Words of power can tell Thy glories and Thine
awful might,

Or stir the doubting heart of man, as this sublime
Creation of Thy mind Divine? Here, fashioned by
Thy mighty hand, Nature's gigantic organ stands,
And ceaselessly rolls forth terrific notes of praise.

Here Thine established choir forever thunder forth,
In grandly thrilling tones, a mystic song of

Thine unfathomable, infinite power. Here Thou hast
Placed Thy solid altar on the shores of Time, and
from

Thy very lips the overpowering strains of holy elo-
quence

Burst forth.

Who can withstand the heavenly music of Thy voice ;
Who can, with heart unstirred, behold the amazing
Splendor of Thine earthly court ; who can gaze on
this

Matchless structure by Thy fingers wrought, and
calmly say,
There is no living God ?

Here let the boasting and the
Lofty come and feel their nothingness ; here let the
Sophist bring his treacherous creed, and obtain from
Jehovah's book logic invincible. Here let the stolid
And unthinking come and start their sleeping
Senses from the sluggish trance. Here let the
yearning
Spirit and aspiring come, and, climbing Nature's
ladder,
Grasp the reaching hand of God.

Here the weary-hearted
May sweet comfort find when resting on the shining
Banks ; life-giving draughts from beauty's fountain
They may quaff ; and from the appalling depths and
Awful rush of waters wild look up, where, ever
arching
O'er the temple's misty veil, the radiant bow of
promise
Sheds its cheering rays. So shall the glorious em-
blem
Of Thy mercy teach the sorrowing heart, that o'er
each

Dread abyss of human woe, each fearful path, where
 Life's fierce tempests beat, the golden promise of
 Thy love and pity hangs. Here let the heart be
 Humbled to the dust, and no vain thought of
 Mortal consequence intrude.

Oh, if these forest sentinels
 That ages long have watched the glories of this
 sacred
 Shrine, still with emotion shake, and join their
 trembling
 Voices in the tremendous hymn, shall not weak
 Mortals lowly bend, and in the footsteps of their
 Father, God, a loving tribute cast — not with a
 craven
 Thought of human fear — at the overwhelming
 power of
 His arm, but holiest love and adoration give,
 Ever rejoicing with ecstatic joy that they are off-
 springs
 Of so glorious a sire.

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

I SING my song as I glide along,
I sing of the grand and free ;
With a rippling laugh o'er my music staff,
And the voice God gave to me.

For it is sweet, and I oft repeat
The soft notes o'er and o'er,
And thrill with pride as on I glide,
With a glance at the list'ning shore.

I softly sing with the powers that bring
Aid to my notes of praise,
When the murmuring breeze, and the chanting
trees,
Their humble tribute raise.

The tempest strong, as it raves along,
And the cloud's grand thunder choir,
All join with me, and the chorus free
Sweeps the strings of Nature's lyre.

O'er the silent rocks, with their mossy locks,
I leap, like a child at play,
With my bounding blood in a foaming flood,
At freedom's glorious sway.

Of earth and air, and all things fair,
I sing with a glad refrain,
Of the roaring sea, and all things free,
In Nature's wide domain.

I sing of Time, with its mortal clime,
And its swift, resistless sea,
Bearing barks of life o'er its waves of strife,
To a vast eternity.

To the hills I preach, and my pupils teach
Life's watchword, "Onward!" ever,
Till the race is run, and the goal is won,
And success crowns each endeavor.

WOULD YOU BE A BIRD ?

WOULD you be a bird, my darling —
Would you be a bird,
Singing songs of richer sweetness,
Than mortal ever heard,
Soaring where bright skies are smiling,
Where dark storms are never stirred,
Searching for the bowers of Heaven —
Would you be a bird ?

Would you be a flower, my darling —
Would you be a flower,
Dew-drop gemmed, and fragrance laden,
In earth's fairest bower,
Charming with thy royal beauty,
Fed by sun, and bathed by shower.
By soft zephyrs rocked to slumber —
Would you be a flower ?

Would you be a star, my darling —
Would you be a star,
Shining with the diamond's lustre,
In the realms afar ?
In thy robe of glittering splendor,
Would earth's dark scenes never mar

Bliss of thine when gazing earthward —
Would you be a star ?

Or would you be the queen of beauty,
And the soul of love,
In thy love and beauty shining
Like the stars above ;
Flowers of purity and sweetness
In thy heart enshrined,
Soft music in thy voice forever,
Bird, flower, and star combined.

THE FROLIC OF THE FAIRIES.

UNDER the rose-tree sits a fairy,
Calling her comrades, soft and wary,
Come to the sweet spring bower ;
Here's a bush with young buds laden,
Tinted with the hues of Aden,
Come view the royal flower.

Come bring the zephyr-harps of gladness,
That chase away earth's gloom and sadness,
Ring the fuschia bells ;
Mortal ears will gladly listen,
Mortal eyes will brightly glisten,
As the music swells.

On the bed where lilies cluster
In their robes of richest lustre,
Trip the fairy band.
In the lily cups they're swinging,
And sweet clouds of perfume flinging
From each subtle wand.

Where the myrtle blooms are shining,
There the sportive elves are twining
Garlands rich and rare,

Round bright pinks and violets peeping
In the tulip's chalice creeping,
Caught by beauty's snare.

In the lilac boughs they're sitting,
And amid the daises flitting,
Sipping dewy wine
From the buttercup's bright chalice,
While the queen smiles from her palace
In the trumpet vine.

They touch the clover fields with lightness,
And spread o'er earth a mystic brightness ;
Now they softly sing —
All hail, sweet time of buds and flowers,
All hail, sweet birds that haunt the bowers,
All hail, the glorious Spring.

THE SUNBEAM.

“I’LL do what good I can !” a bright stray sunbeam
cried,
As through dark, gathering clouds, it stole its
earthward way ;
“I’ll breathe a blessing on the fair young bride,
And o’er the sick couch cast a cheering ray ;
I’ll seek the haunts where grief’s sad victims dwell
And whisper to their fainting hearts, ‘ God doeth
all things well.’ ”

The sunbeam pierced a crevice in a wretched cot,
And fell upon a widow’s weary, feeble form ;
Her head was bowed in anguish o’er her woeful lot,
And sighing low, she said, “ I find but clouds and
storm.”
When lo ! the golden shadows caught her sorrowing
gaze,
And quickly soothed her with its sweet, prophetic
rays.

Between a prison’s window bars soon the bright
sunbeam crept,
And with its smiling beauty filled the dismal cell ;

Prone on his face the guilty captive fell, and wept
That his vile deeds had brought him there to dwell ;
“ Before high Heaven,” he cried, “ I swear that I
will be
An honest man, and walk beneath God’s glorious
sunlight, free ! ”

Cheering words and heart-born smiles are the sun-
beams of the soul,
Shedding light, and warmth, and gladness where
they fall ;
Dispelling oft the clouds that round each life-path
roll,
And lifting from the weary heart deep sorrow’s
pall ;
Oft winning back the hopeless, who in crime’s black
path stray,
To hope and Heaven, where God’s bright smile
makes everlasting day.

PAINTING A HEART.

I STOOD on the brow of a mountain tall,
Watching the sunset glories fall ;
Wrapped in the gorgeous picture grand,
My soul seemed borne to the shining land.

As I gazed on the radiant western skies,
A mist-like veil seemed to fall from my eyes,
And a wonderful being stepped forth from a cloud,
With the mien of a master, majestic and proud.

His grand brow was crowned with a halo of light,
His robe, of clear purple, was flowing and bright,
He spoke — and his voice like sweet melody fell ;
I listened and gazed neath a magical spell.

I am the great artist whom mortals admire,
My pictures of glory their souls should inspire ;
Come, child of the earth-land, I'll teach thee my art,
And show all the shades of a frail human heart.

See, here is the form I have perfectly made,
And through it the veins and the arteries laid ;
Now, take thee this brush, touch that spot with the
 blue,
For that is the portion of honor most true.

Now, for Faith, dip thy brush in this pearly cloud
 bright ;
For Charity, touch with this pure silver white ;
For content and meekness, this delicate shade,
Like water that glistens where moonbeams are laid.

Alas ! that true likeness to nature should call,
That these portions must often be made very small ;
And again, 'tis a duty with sorrow I charge,
That those of no beauty are often made large.

Hope, thou canst dip from the fountain of gold,
Despair, thou wilt find in that leaden cloud's fold ;
Fear should be marked with the dull, ashen gray ;
Courage, this amber as bright as the day.

Love, thou canst paint from the rich, flaming hue ;
Take heed that the shading be perfect and true ;
For jealousy, touch with the dull, yellow shade,
And a bit of the blue, till a pale green is made.

Pale, neutral tint for doubt and false pride ;
Dark — dark where deceit with its vile shadows hide ;
For envy and malice, the deep, sullen hue
From that strip of dark shaded purple will do.

For hate and revenge, where all dread passions crowd,
Thou shalt now dip thy brush in yon black thunder-
 cloud,

And thou wilt e'er find, when learned in the art,
Thou must needs use all colors when painting the
heart.

A moment I gazed on the work I had wrought,
Then turned to the wonderful being who taught ;
He was gliding away on a silver-bright stream ;
I plunged in its waves and awoke from my dream.

THE ARTIST OF THE SKIES.

JUST as the sovereign god of day throws back his
Parting glances o'er the earth, and the young zephyrs
Spread their idle wings, rising at his command
To breathe the good-night benison, and greet with
Loving kiss bright Nature's regal charms —
Behold, how the proud Artist of the skies steps from
His palace of the west, to portray on its walls with
Matchless skill the grand ideal by his subtile fancy
Held. With brush and pencil dipped in tints
Divine the mystic lines are drawn, and forms of
Weird-like beauty on the heavenly canvas stand.
The shadowy hills of earth the painter quickly crowns
With flaming gold, then o'er their heads a gorgeous
Curtain hangs, each beauteous color glowing with the
Shade of living light — throws down in proud
Reflection kingly raiment over all! No monarch
On his gilded throne, with all the adornments of
His royal station spread, e'er showed one half the
Look of majesty these native hills reveal!
And now the painter's eager zeal displays the
Mighty genius of his teeming brain with master
Strokes the background all is filled.

Pearl mountains
With their snow-crowned summits rise, and

Silvery hills to guard the lowland vales ; the
Swelling ocean with its curling waves and tossing
Billows bending with wild grace ; smooth, shining
Lakes of liquid light, and temples rising from
Their sedgy banks with wondrous spires and
Columns grand, and gothic architrave, more quaint
And puzzling than pagoda of the east.
And towers with spacious battlements appear ;
Gray rocks arise and sparkling fountains play,
And bright gondolas ride translucent waves of air ;
Soft shadowy banks o'ergrown with moss of purest
Foamy down — show forth inviting glimpses
Of a resting place supreme.

And even while the
Musing eye drinks quickly in the beauteous
Draught, change after change the mighty artist
Seeks, and still new subjects of his fertile fancy
Shows ; his skillful touches level all the hills,
And flood the landscape with a sea of gold.
Towers and temples crumble fast away, and vast
Red deserts soak the ocean waves ;
Expansive plains appear gleaming with azure
Soil, and rich young fields of shining yellow
Grain.

Then tiring of the brilliant lights and
Shades, he tones them to a pale and sober hue,
Till seeming satisfied with the effect, he calmly
Sees each outline fade away, then softly steps
Within his silver gate, and throws the star-
Gemmed curtain o'er the palace walls.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

THE wind came whispering by one day,
And the rose at the lattice it pushed away,
And straying about by the window near,
Soft breathed a song to my listening ear.

“Sweetly I’ll sing to thee, mortal, now,
And I’ll brush the locks from thy troubled brow
With a tender touch like a mother’s hand,
Binding thy hair with a silken band.

“I have ofttimes sung to thee before,
I have sang my sweet songs o’er and o’er,
But thou, in thy heedlessness and pride,
Ne’er lingered to listen at my side.

“I am a spirit mighty and free ;
What knoweth thou of my mission, or me ?
What knoweth thou of my might and power,
Resting secure in thy summer bower ?

“Sometimes, as a zephyr, I float along,
And sing to mortals my softest song ;
Sometimes in a tempest I sweep the sod,
And shout to man of the power of God.

“Last night, 'neath the trees, where the moonbeams
glance,
And the fire-flies hold their diamond dance,
I crept about with such mournful sighs,
That the tear-drops fell from the roses' eyes.

“Then I sang a softer and sweeter tune,
One that is loved by the flowers of June,
And I rocked them all to a gentle rest,
As the mother rocks the babe on her breast.

“I left them sleeping and roamed away,
Sporting about through the summer day;
Duties I have — they are not undone,
Victories to gain — that shall be won.

“I strayed to a couch where, with plaintive moan,
A mortal was lying in anguish alone;
I heard him whisper his great desire
For something to quell the fever fire.

“I stood at his side and fanned his brow,
And he thankfully murmured, ‘Blessed art thou,’
And after a time, with a tear on his cheek,
He sank like a weary child to sleep.

“Then I wandered on by the village school,
Found the children free from the teacher's rule;
With noisy sport I joined in their glee,
And fastened their kites in an old oak tree.

“ Soon I rocked the cot where a widow dwelt,
And shook the door while in prayer she knelt
That God would bid the tempest cease,
I passed along, and left her in peace.

“ From the cot I went to the river side,
And beheld a man, who said, in his pride,
‘ There is no God ! that I should fear ! ’
I whirled him into the waters near.

“ When through the forest I sweep along,
Each tree bows low to my mighty song,
And sometimes, too, in my righteous wrath,
The works of man I hurl from my path.

“ Oh ! I am a spirit, mighty and free,
And I do the work that is given to me ;
I shout to man, as I sweep the sod,
Behold the might and the power of God ! ”

THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

THERE's holy beauty in each form of earth
The great Creator's breath of wisdom planned;
Which, blending beauty with its destined worth,
Stands forth to bless and ornament the land.

There's heavenly beauty in the simplest flower
That ever oped its starry eye to gaze
Upon the mystery of its earthly bower
Beneath the wildwood's dewy, shadowy haze.

There's beauty in each little tuft of moss,
Each springing germ, each waving grassy spear,
All gleaming with the brightest emerald gloss,
When sunbeams wipe away the dew-drop tear.

There's beauty in the solid rocks and stones
That deck the earth with nature's sculpture art,
Engraved and wrought in statue, globe, and cone,
True offerings from creation's granite heart.

There's beauty in the rugged mountain's side,
Each hill and knoll with royal verdure crowned; *
Each sparkling brook, which from their summits
glide,
Speak of the charms within earth's girdle bound.

There's beauty in the towering forest tree,
Shaking its leafy banners 'neath the dome
Of Nature's glorious temple, wild and free,
Rejoicing in the brightness of its native home.

There's worlds of beauty in each grove and dale,
Glittering with sheen of butterfly and flower,
And silver streamlet with its prattlings hail
Birds of bright beauty to their summer bower.

There's beauty in the deep sea's quiet pride,
Spreading afar her robe of ocean blue,
As onward sweeps the grandly swelling tide,
Bright with the dancing wavelet's foamy dew.

There's beauty in the ocean's mountain waves,
Curling and bending with majestic grace,
Tossing their misty foam-wreaths o'er the graves
Of millions slumbering neath their furious race.

There's radiant beauty in the royal band,
Seal of the sacred bond to mortals given,
Arched in majestic splendor o'er the land,
Its glory-beams uniting earth and heaven.

There's glorious beauty in the twilight hour,
When dying sunbeams fill the western sky
With the bright glory of a heavenly bower,
Claiming free homage from the heart and eye.

There's grandest beauty in the shadowy skies

When stars their revels keep around the throne
Of midnight, mocking all the thoughts that rise,
To read their mighty almagest of lore unknown.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

THERE'S music in each voice of earth,
All join the song of Nature's choir ;
The stars sang o'er Creation's birth,
Creation sounds the harp and lyre.

There's music in the summer air,
When zephyr hands rock the young flowers,
And roses bend to lilies fair,
While birds sing love songs in the bowers.

There's music in the busy hum
Of bee and insect sporting wild ;
Each sounds its mimic life and drum,
And adds its song in measures mild.

There's softest music in the stream
That ripples forth its gentle strain,
 wooing the senses to a dream
Of by-gone happiness again.

There's music in the falling rain,
Whose sky-born drops bid earth rejoice ;
When thunder spirits sweep the plain,
And sound their hymn with loudest voice.

There's music in the howling storm,
When wide the cloudy banners spread,
And gloomy vapor wraps each form
That shivers on its earthy bed.

There's music in each pearly shell
That gems the ocean's bed and strand,
And sounding through each coral dell,
The music of the sea-king's band.

There's music in the rustling leaves,
When Autumn gently moves her hand
To break the thread fair Nature weaves,
And sends them whirling o'er the land.

There's music in the sighing pines,
Breathing a tale so soft and sweet,
Which soon the pensive soul defines,
And owns the melody complete.

There's music in the furious roar
Of wild wind harps, whose voices wake
Weird echoes at the sheltering door,
When fierce and loud their shrill notes break.

There's music in the bounding waves,
And loud the scattered water sings,
When striding on the storm-fiend raves,
And tempests spread their ebon wings.

There's music in the shadowy hour,
When evening's host breathes o'er the sod,
That stirs the heart with magic power,
And tells the soul of heaven and God.

There's music in the morning air,
When sleeping Nature wakes to sing
Its holiest anthem for the care
Great wisdom sheds o'er everything.

There's music in each voice of earth,
All join the song of Nature's choir ;
The stars sang o'er Creation's birth,
Creation burns with music fire.

THE SONG OF THE OCEAN WAVES.

I STOOD by the side of the sounding sea,
Where the wild waves dance and roll,
And I sang to them and they sang to me,
And they sang so fierce and exultingly,
That their weird song saddened my soul.

“What news do you bring,” sang I, “wild waves?
What news have ye now to tell?
Have ye come from the depths of the coral caves?
Have you looked on the dead in their watery graves?
Your voice stirs my heart like a knell.”

“We have had wild sport on the ocean wide,”
Sang they, as they leaped on shore:
“We have tossed the barks that before us glide,
We have caught the lover and embraced the bride,
Ere the wedding song was o’er.

“We have snatched the babe from its mother’s breast,
And laughed at her wild despair;
We raised it high on a foaming crest,
Then laid it down for a long, long rest,
With the sea-weed in its hair.

“ We have leaned o’er the grave where the wanderer sleeps,

And haughtily shrieked in his frozen ear
That his widowed mother watches and weeps,
When the storm-king over the ocean sweeps,
And yearns his loved voice to hear.

“ We have had wild sport — wild sport, indeed,
As we roamed in the pride of our might ;
We have danced round the ship in its dreadful need,
We have watched the mad flames their hunger feed,
When their glare made day of the night.

“ We have mocked the doomed on the burning bark,
And stretched forth our arms to save ;
They have gladly leaped in our bosoms dark,
Thus hoping to find of mercy a spark —
We have dug them an ocean grave.

“ We can tell to you full many a tale,
For we joined in the tempest’s wrath,
And mingled our song with the shrieking gale
And the drowning mariner’s dying wail,
As they plunge down our mountain path.”

“ Enough, enough, ye treacherous waves !
No more of your song will I hear ;
For ye ruthlessly dance over countless graves,
And never is thine the power which saves,
Though the heart is bursting with fear.

“But ye have a Master, in spite of your pride,
Who holds ye in check at his will :
What though ye leap with a giant stride,
And rush along with a whirlpool’s tide?
God’s whisper can hold ye still.”

TO THE CENTRAL PARK.

PRIDE of the North ! let poets sing thy praise, and
from

Thy rural halls let countless whispers of thy beauty
rise,

And mingling with thy zephyr breath of sweetest rose,
Ride on the pinions of the summer breeze, till far
And wide thy growing fame shall spread, and every
heart

Shall yearn to worship at thy beauties' shrine.

Let other
Nations boast their parks of royal pride and won-
drous skill,

Thou still shalt be the crown and queen of all.
Amid thine

Eden bowers the multitude shall bask beneath the
lavish

Smiles of nature and the charms of art, and as a gra-
cious

Host, whose mind is big with every generous thought,
wilt

Thou a welcome give to all.

All shall rejoice in thee !
Thou wilt inspire the youthful mind with noble
thought ;

The prattling child shall dance with joyous glee upon
thy

Fairy shores ; and eyes grown dim with age and care,
shall

Flash with sudden flame of youth and hope when
Gazing on the glorious picture of thy landscape
paradise.

And when exploring 'mid thy vaulted rocks
And caverns wide, thy royal bridges spanning glassy
lakes,

Gay with the polished barks of fairy symmetry, and
snowy

Swans majestic sailing o'er the silver tide, while
bending

Low their stately heads to list the music of the water
nymph,

Or watching thy contented herds sporting with all
their native grace

Within their beauteous retreat ; or listening to the
swelling

Strains of grandest minstrelsy sounding through thy
broad

Aisles. These, and a host of charms untold, lend
such

Bewitching beauty to the scene, that all who gaze
thereon

Shall feel enchantment's spell steal softly round
Their hearts. Beneath thy young trees' shade thy
raptured

Guests shall seek repose, and ponder o'er the magic

Change that hath transformed thy rustic robe of
tangled

Weeds into the royal garment of bounteous nature's
chosen

Queen — thy mantle of fine velvet, emerald's bright-
est hue,

Bespangled o'er with choicest flowery gems, wrap-
ped proudly

O'er thy breast, and waving plumes of tree and vine
bend over

Thee with matchless grace, and bow a courteous wel-
come to thy

Admiring friends. The sad, the grave, and gay, will
wander

'Mid thy mazy paths, and all shall find the solace or
delight

They seek. The pompous mortal reveling 'mid the
smiles

Of fortune's care, shall find fresh power in thee to
stir the

Ennuied heart and brain with lightsome thoughts
and skill

To weave a fairer subject for his midnight dreams.

The pallid child of want thou wilt welcome to thy
breast,

And teach the nurslings of thy bowers to smile their
brightest

Smile, and mix within their lily-cups a sweet reviving
Cordial for each woe, till the sad heart shall feel the
flood

Of Nature's purest wine tingling through every vein,
Exalting their bowed souls with holy thoughts, that
 rise amid

The flood of fragrant air up to the realms of light,
Where justice sits enthroned, marking each score
 against

The day when fickle fortune loses all control of man's
Affairs.

Then let thy leafy banners wave in triumph of
The victory thou hast gained within a crowded city's
Bustling domain, and may each year add lustre to thy
Crown, till thou canst claim a fitting title for thy
Royal seat, and which thy sylvan courtiers shall prove
To be the wonder of the world.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

LIKE a spirit of light thou comest,
O beautiful, beautiful Spring !
There is joy in thy radiant presence,
And health on thy bright shining wing.
Now quickly before thee will vanish
The gloom of the wild winter storm,
While in the soft print of thy footsteps,
Glowes the wealth from thy gem-laden form.

How eager earth's gloom-burdened mortals
Spring forth to thy loving embrace !
How much to encourage and gladden
They find in thy beautiful face !
There is hope in thy soul-thrilling glances,
And life in the touch of thy wand ;
Thou holdest the key of Death's fetters
Aloft in thy God-gifted hand.

Oh, gladly we hail thy sweet presence,
Fair bride of the swift-footed year !
What though thy kind visit be fleeting ?
We will cherish thy memory dear.

Now we stand in thy presence to listen,
While Nature's grand choir shall sing,
And we'll all in a chorus shout "Welcome,
Most beautiful, beautiful Spring!"

MARCH.

Now Winter's warrior winds have crossed the frozen
arch,
To hold fierce conflict with the gathering hosts of
March,
And onward rush with brazen trumpet blast,
And chains of ice to bind each pris'ner fast ;
On, on they press, in many a serried rank,
Waving their dark storm banners cold and dank,
O'erleaping mountains, sweeping through the vales,
For victory howls, for conquered valor wails ;
March bids his sternest warriors lead the van,
And for proud Winter's host a wild retreat to plan.

With lances tipped with purest sunbeam gold,
They dash upon the hostile foe so bold ;
With shouts of triumph and the victor's song,
The hosts of March majestic sweep along.
Louder and louder the battle's tumult swells ;
Prouder and prouder each stroke the victory tells,
Till Winter's hosts have reached the shore of Time,
Whose murmuring waves a solemn requiem chime ;
March flushed with triumph, tired of war's alarms,
Contented sinks in April's outstretched arms.

THE MAIDEN OF SPRING.

BEHOLD the fair maid as she trips o'er the hills,
And list the glad notes of the sweet song she trills ;
Her bright form is glowing — her brow is ablaze
With glory reflected from her golden crown's rays.
There is light in her glance, there is joy in her smile,
The sweet notes of her song gloom and sorrow be-
guile ;
There is health in her breath, there is life in her touch
As she rescues fair Nature from Death's freezing
clutch.

Her song is transporting — the sweetest of earth,
For she sings to the soul of its radiant birth,
When from the drear winter of sorrow and gloom,
It triumphs o'er death and the might of the tomb ;
And rising above earth's dark wintry sod,
It stands in the light and the presence of God.
Oh, beautiful ! beautiful maiden of Spring,
How grand is the song thy smiling lips sing.

Oh, thou art a teacher, most holy and wise,
For thy eloquent voice was a gift from the skies,
And thou dost unfold in thy beauty and youth,
The glorious volume of Life and of Truth.

From each bursting bud and the soft spring grass,
May we gain a sweet lesson of light as we pass,
And for ever and ever like thee learn to sing,
The soul's true progression and eternal Spring.

SPRING'S HERALD.

I AM coming, I am coming, with my elfin-fairy band,
From the howling pack of wolf-winds, again to rid
the land ;

They have torn the bowers, and ate the flowers,
And made the earth look black and bare ;
We'll work with will and fairy skill,
And soon the mischief will repair.

O'er the hills, o'er the hills, see our sunbeam-arrows
bright —

The archer's fiery glances fill the air with golden
light ;

Their balmy breath shouts winter's death,
And bids his legions turn again
With rapid stride, and swiftly glide
Back to their frozen northern plain.

We'll break the tyrant's icy chains, and let the
brooks run free,

To join the songs of Nature's choir with their soft
rippling melody ;

Green mosses rare, and wild flowers fair,
Upon the hills and fields we'll throw ;
Bright blossoms bring, and perfumes fling,
And countless beauteous gifts bestow.

We will wave our potent wands o'er the naked
shrubs and trees,
Till they shake their new fringe banners at the
sportive breeze ;
With sunny hours, and dewy showers,
We'll feed the infant buds again,
Till each fair face proclaims its race,
And joins Queen Flora's royal train.

We are bringing gentle zephyrs to kiss the fading
cheek,
And a sovereign balm of gladness to cheer the sad
and weak ;
We have daisy beds, and for weary heads
Soft emerald velvet pillows,
Where mortals blest may sweetly rest,
'Neath the shade of the bending willows.

My fairy scouts are hunting among the southern
vines,
And chasing on the bright birds before our magic
lines ;
With flashing plume they'll break the gloom,
And make the lonely woodlands ring
With joyous lays and notes of praise,
To Nature's generous Priest and King.

MAY MEMORIES.

HARK! the voice of May is whisp'ring
Tales of ancient fairy lore,
And sweet birds love-songs are singing,
As they oft have sung before.
Nature her bright wand is waving
With its wondrous magic power,
While the radiant queen is marching
To her royal summer bower.

Listen to the tree's soft chatter
To its chattering neighbor tree;
And the busy bee still humming
To its humming sister bee.
While zephyr hands their harps are tuning,
For a glorious grand refrain,
And the babbling brooks and fountains,
Loudly join the joyful strain.

'Tis the same old song of glory
We have often heard before,
And fond memories it is waking,
Of the happy days of yore.

Of the blissful days of childhood,
When we roamed with joy untold
Through the glittering fields of clover,
Gathering flowery cups of gold.

Or beside the shining streamlet,
Anxious glances cast within,
Watching for the little fishes,
With a thread and bent up pin ;
Till a butterfly so tempting
On the daisies lingered near,
With quick bound and flying footstep,
Spring to gain a captive dear.

Oh the yearning, burning fever,
Of the worn world-weary brain ;
Oh the heart's wild longing throbbing,
And its bitter, bitter pain,
At the thought that never, never
Can it bask in pleasure's rays ;
Half so deep, so pure and peaceful,
As those happy, happy days.

QUEEN SUMMER.

HAIL, glorious Summer ! in thy presence bright
Exulting Nature leaps and shakes her robes of
light —

Crowns thee her queen, fair daughter of the sun,
And holds rejoicing revels at thy reign begun.
When on thy throne of clouds, 'mid soft, ambrosial
air,

Thy radiant smiles make earth divinely fair,
And creature comforts from thy bounteous hand
Fall in a deluge on the thrifty land.

Thy power is boundless, and thy sovereign laws
Spontaneous action urge to aid thy goodly cause :
Marshaled on hill and plain, thy glittering hosts 'are
seen,

And from each rustic helmet waves a plume of green.
Thy countless banners stream in every breeze,
Thy wind-harps sound among the forest trees ;
Thy fairy handmaids search the groves with care,
Opening sweet buds to bind thy shining hair.

Where'er we turn thy glory we behold !
Thy robes are decked with sparkling gems and gold ;
And as thou sittest in thy sun-bright car,
With proud steeds prancing o'er the hills afar,

And in sweet vales bend o'er the lakelet's side
To view thy features in the glassy tide,
Thy charms call forth true homage from the heart—
For all thy works surpass the works of art.

We bless thee for thy beauty, when thy smiling face
Cheers the great heart of Nature and the human
race ;

We thank thee for thy goodness, when thy inspiring
breath

Wakes earth's deep sleeping senses from the trance
of death ;

We praise thy generous nature for thy harvest gifts
untold.

For the tribute man has given, thou returnest a hun-
dred fold.

We love thee, beauteous emblem of a heavenly clime,
Whose golden shores are shining beyond the waves
of Time.

AUTUMN.

FALLING, falling, softly falling,
Jewels from pale Autumn's crown,
And sweet Nature's fairy fingers
Spreads a royal carpet down.
Brightest shades of gold and crimson
Robe each forest, grove, and dale,
And the glittering gems are scattered
Freely by each rising gale.

Why, pale Autumn, dost thou languish ?
Why so soon thy jewels cast ?
Art thou grieving, that bright Summer
Has in all her glory past ?
She was bride, but thou art bridesmaid ;
Thou dost gather up her train ;
And we know, that by God's blessing,
We shall see thy face again.

Beauteous Autumn, sad and gentle,
Thou a glorious teacher art ;
For if man would do thy bidding,
He would nobly act his part.

And thy voice, so sweet and mournful,
 Bids him work while yet 'tis day ;
Pointing, with a warning finger,
 Thou dost quickly pass away.

WINTER.

THE Winter King, in his glittering car,
Comes dashing over the hills afar ;
Fair Nature shrinks from his cruel reign,
And hides her gems in her breast again ;
For she knows the tyrant, stern and grim,
Will bid her bow to each cruel whim ;
And she hears his voice through the chilly air,
As he spies her autumn garments fair.

With an angry frown on his gloomy brow,
He hoarsely shouts to the North Wind now —
Away with the gaudy gold and red,
I've a royal robe for the bride I'll wed ;
'Tear the trees' gew-gaws, strip the shining bowers,
I'll have no gorgeous leaves or flowers ;
Crush the grass and emerald mosses down,
For the world shall gaze on the monarch's crown.

And the North Wind springs at the stern command,
And sweeps the gems from pale Autumn's hand ;
While she, with a mournful, soft, sad sigh,
Falls fainting back on the earth to die.

Again the voice of the monarch grim
Shouts: bind the waves with an icy rim;
Now spread this carpet of snow-flakes down,
For the world shall behold my majestic crown.

THE DYING YEAR.

THE wild wind strikes the hoarse December lyre,
And wailing notes of grief ring long and loud,
As watching by the old and dying year,
It weaves with fingers cold the snowy shroud.

Farewell, old year ! we look upon thy dying form ;
What thou hast been to us we still must feel ;
Didst thou bring woe, oh ! may thy parting breath
A blessing be, that shall our sorrows heal.

For thou dost give unto the coming hours
The key that guards the shrine of mortal fate,
And man to know what thou hast left in store,
In hope and patience, still, must watch and wait.

Farewell, old year, farewell for evermore !
We know what thou art holding in thy heart,
The joys and sorrows which a world have borne,
And now from thee and thine we sadly part.

And yet, we would not call thee back again
To hear, once more, thy words of hope or fear ;
Of joys thou hast given, we would gladly hold,
But bury in thy heart each sigh and tear.

Farewell, old friend ! May all the shame and wrong
Which thou hast seen, be buried at thy side ;
That man may strive anew, with the young year,
And in sweet peace and love and charity abide.

THE TYRANT KING.

AGAIN stern Winter mounts his glittering throne,
And from his brazen trump triumphant shouts the
cruel

Mandate forth. From his tyrannic glance no gleams
of

Mercy fell, as with fierce clutch he tore pale Autumn's
Beauteous robe, and hurled the bright-hued garlands
From her flowing hair, while, with sad look and
solemn

Sigh, she quickly sped o'er hill and dale away.

Again his blighting
Footsteps track the earth, and from his furious voice
And freezing breath all nature shivering shrinks.

He shakes his hoary locks, as if in wrath; then,
quickly

Speeding on, knocks loudly at each sheltering door,
And strives to enter in. Some heed his presence
not,

And all in vain he seeks admission through the
guarded

Halls. He haunts the palace and the mansion grand,
And lingers 'round to press his frozen features on the
Window-panes, and write in mystic lines his name

Beside their doors. 'Tis not in homes of luxury stern
Winter seeks to rule ; the happy inmates fear him
not,

And smiling gaze upon his furious pranks.

'Tis not for them to fear his threat'ning frown,
When 'round their cheering fire soft Comfort sits, and
Bright-eyed Pleasure chants her happy lay ; within
their

Stately halls no gaunt-faced spectre lurks, but at their
Dainty board good cheer and plenty wait. 'Tis not for
Them to dread the midnight blast, when downy
couches

Spread their genial charms, and from the bliss of
Happy dreams the freezing fingers of the storm can
Ne'er disturb. 'Tis not for them to dare his withering
Breath in garments thin and poor, through which the
Piercing dart is quickly thrust, till Death's dread
hand

Seems clutching at the heart ; but clad in costly
Armor, they come forth with joy, and revel in delights
That rise up at the waving of their golden wands.
Oh, ye proud fair, who roam the broad highway
With haughty step and flashing glance of pride —
Whose souls seem steeped in fashion's foaming
Stream, and bound by rampant folly's gaudy chain,
Wake but a moment from your selfish dream.

Go to yon hovel, by the
Wild winds rocked, whose squalid walls poor shelter
give
From the rude blast. There will ye find the tyrant

Holds full sway. No mercy there ; no pity he bestows.

The freezing wretches, huddling, shrink and hide
Their quaking bodies from his deadly wrath.

Go to the dismal cellar and the garret bare,
And witness thou the untold horrors of the poor.
Behold the weary mother and her shivering brood ;
She pale with want, and hollow-eyed with care. No
fire — no food,

O God, this freezing night ; no soft, warm couch
To fold her children in — not even a crust to still
Their famished cry. She is a widow ; on a Southern
Plain her husband's bones have bleached ; his sturdy
Arm, that was her shield from want and woe,
Lies palsied by the ruthless power of war. Look in
Her tearless eyes and see the clouds of dark despair
That wrap her tortured soul. She bears a grief
That tears, e'en though they were of blood, could not
Assuage. She is thy sister, haughty one. God is the
Father of us all. Does not such woe as this thrill
Through thy being with a shock of shame and sorrow
Mixed ? Tear but the useless gew-gaws from thy
Costly robes, and thou canst still the orphan's
Piteous cries, and cast a gleam of comfort on the
Widow's lonely path. How canst thou sleep in
Peace, how canst thou move thy lips in prayer,
Knowing full well thou hast the power, but not the
will,

To aid God's suffering poor ? Dost ever
Think of Jesus, Prince of Heaven, how meek and

Humble was his earthly reign — whose gentle heart
Beat but with holy thoughts of sweetest charity;
Whose glorious deeds should guide thy erring steps,
And lead thee safe when mortal life is o'er?
If thou dost scorn His lowly ways on earth, how
Canst thou hope to gain His radiant home?
Before another fair new moon shall fold its
Shining robe, thy shrinking soul, stript of
Each earthly prize, may stand before the Justice
Court of Heaven.

Then wake, proud mortal, from thy
Dream of ease; now is the time to earn the immortal
Crown. Now is the time. This is the hour to shield
The wretched from the tyrant's power.

Dear God! we pray
That thy warm love may melt the adamantine
Walls of pride, and make each throbbing human
Heart feel holy pity for another's woe!

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

THE HAUNTED GRANGE.

THE ivy creeps o'er the crumbling walls,
Dark shadows sleep in the lonely halls,
And the owl sits there with its dismal cry,
As the steps of the stranger draweth nigh.
As he wearily seeks the moss-grown porch,
Where fall the rays of night's silver torch,
He lifts his brow to the summer air,
And the moonbeams fall on his snowy hair,
While he softly sighs: Once more, once more,
My feet shall stand on the hallowed floor!

The scenes of youth shall return again,
And the dream of bliss steal through my brain,
And perchance a radiant vision rise
Like the soul's sweet glimpse of Paradise.
But the dark dread spell must grasp again
My heart, with its iron hands of pain,
As I turn from the morn of joy and light,
To stand in the depths of that fatal night.

Oh, morn of joy ! with my fair young bride,
Roaming the hills and the river side,
Or with charmed ear sat listening long
To the thrilling notes of my loved one's song ;
Bright hours of bliss, they were quickly past,
Too bright, too fair, too sweet to last !

I cannot tell how the demon came
And breathed in my ear a rival's name,
When a black veil seemed o'er my eyes to fall,
And wrapped the earth in a sable pall ;
The pure heart of my wife on torture's rack,
Seemed turned to the deepest shade of black.

Ah, it may not be an idle tale
That the people tell of the lady pale,
With the sad, low song, and mournful wail,
Who roams about these ruined walls,
And sighing floats through the lonely halls.
I drove her mad with the demon's dart,
I left her side, I broke her heart ;
From her pleading prayer I turned in scorn,
And cursed the day that she was born !

From the lips of a dying man I learned
That a heart with fierce revenge had burned,
And cast the blight on my love and life,
And laid in the tomb my pure, true wife ;
Too late ! too late ! and my tortured soul
Seeks only now death's peaceful goal.

In a cherished room did the wand'rer sleep,
Where the shadows gathered dark and deep,
And the solemn bell in the distant tower
Chimed slowly forth the midnight hour.
With a sudden start his dreaming ear
Caught the sound of a loved song sweet and clear,
And a vision bright of bliss long past
For a moment gleamed, then faded fast;
With a thrill of joy he seemed to feel
A loving touch o'er his damp brow steal;
Forgive ! forgive ! his pale lips sighed,
In the dream of love he smiled and died.

THE DREAM.

COME, listen to my dream, mother,
Come listen to my dream !
Down in the depths of the ocean caves,
My home last night did seem ;
And I walked through the coral caverns,
With the wild waves over my head,
Seeking my lost, lost darling,
Mid the ocean's countless dead.

And the sights I saw there, mother,
No human tongue could tell.
'Twas a mystic world of wonder,
And I lingered 'neath the spell,
Walking amid the waters,
As one may walk on the land ;
Mid the wrecks and the countless bodies,
That lay in the shining sand.

But I passed them quickly by, mother,
For their faces all were strange,
And sought for one that I would know
In spite of death's dread change.

And soon, on a bank of coral,
With dark sea-weed in his hair,
I found my dear, lost husband,
As in life, unchanged and fair.

Quickly I sank beside him,
Crying, we never more shall part!
When I saw the golden locket
Close to his silent heart;
The one with my likeness, mother,
And a letter in his hand,
A letter he had written
Since he left his native land.

Softly I took from his fingers
The letter, dim and blurred;
Wild was my bosom throbbing,
As I read each tender word.
To me, he was writing, mother,
Mid the roar of the tempest wild,
And he spoke of the awful horror
Which around the ship was piled.

And I read, "My spirit shall guard you,
Though we meet on earth no more;
For a love like mine cannot waver,
Nor die, on the better shore."
Then I woke from my slumber, mother,
It was only a dream, I know,
But the letter my heart is holding,
Will sweet peace on my life bestow.

THE SONG OF THE GYPSY QUEEN.

HAPPY and free,
'Neath the greenwood tree,
Dwells the merry Gypsy band;
While I, their queen,
Have a throne, I ween,
The proudest in the land.

No ills we fear
On the green sward dear,
Each day brings health and cheer,
Where the wild birds sing,
And the wild flowers spring,
And the trees their banners rear.

I envy not
The hall or cot,
Nor sigh for a grander home;
Let the lady fine
In her palace shine,
I am free o'er the world to roam.

I have jewels bright
As the stars of night,

To bind in my raven hair ;
I have thrones in the bowers,
And crowns in the flowers,
Of beauty rich and rare.

I sing with the birds,
Their songs without words ;
I stand on the shining hills,
And Nature's smiles
With joy beguiles,
And my heart with rapture fills.

Where our white tents gleam
By the glittering stream,
And the moonbeams cheer the land,
There will dance to-night,
When the stars are bright,
The merry Gypsy band.

THE BLIND MAN AND HIS DOG.

COME now, my good dog Rover,
And let me rest a while ;
We've slow and sadly wandered
Many a weary mile ;
The night comes quickly on,
I feel its dewy breath,
The heavy dampness chills me
Like the cruel touch of death.

Dear, good, old, faithful friend,
You've proved so true and wise,
Your steady, patient love
Is all I have to prize ;
You've been my guard and guide
For many a dreary year,
You've heard the heart-wrung sigh,
And watched the bitter tear.

Good Rover, I am old,
And this poor, worn heart is weak ;
To you, and to the night wind,
I must my sorrow speak ;

For Memory, by her true art,
Holds up the buried past
Of hours, when light and gladness
Made the years, too bright to last.

I had many friends once, Rover,
Then I was not poor and blind ;
Death has robbed me of the dearest
Of the smiles so warm and kind ;
Now, alone, alone I wander,
Fortune, friends, all, all have fled,
And my hopes and heart lie buried
With the loved and silent dead.

Now misfortune's hand is pressing,
And it weighs my spirit down,
For I bear a cross most heavy,
But I hope to win a crown ;
When this dark, dark life is ended,
Oh ! I dream of glorious sight,
For these poor, dim eyes now peering
Through the realms of endless night.

Give me strength, O God, our Father,
Still to struggle and to bear,
Do not leave me long to wander
Through the region of despair ;
For the way seems lone and dreary,
And I long to find it o'er,
That my soul may bask in sunshine,
Where the night comes nevermore.

KATE CLARE.

THERE goes the young farmer who loves Kate Clare,
The belle of the village with golden hair.
He gave her a ring, it was simple, but pure,
And with it a love that through life would endure.
Ah ! he does not know as he strays to the cot,
That Kate has now chosen a different lot :
That a false tongue has talked of a happier life
Than that of a farmer's toiling wife.

Yes, a false tongue and a false, false heart,
Have caused her with the plain ring to part,
And now in its place a diamond shines,
While round her heart like a serpent twines
A love that will steal her life's pure light.
And cast on her soul a deadly blight.
She has trampled a heart of purest gold,
For a face and form of a finer mould.

From the depths of a city's vice there came
A gallant youth with a sounding name ;
And about the cottage garden walls
He soon like a gleaming viper crawls.

He quickly spies the rose most fair,
And seeks to gain with a cautious air.
With charming tales of a city's joys,
He soon the artless mind destroys.

She is not content with her cottage home,
And longs o'er folly's fields to roam ;
She is dreaming now of a palace grand,
And pleasures great on every hand.
O maiden, maiden, false and fair,
With the starry eyes and gleaming hair,
Thy beauty now must prove a curse,
Since thou the fatal love will nurse.

The time will come, ere thou art old,
When thy heart is crushed by the serpent's fold,
When thou in anguish and bitter tears
Shalt count the wasted and blighted years.
Thou wouldst give the wealth of the mines of earth
To hold the treasure of priceless worth
Thou hast cast away, — for a farthing sold
A heart of the purest and finest gold.

HEALTH AND WEALTH.

SIR WEALTH walked abroad one fine May morning
To gaze on a field that friend Health was adorning ;
All nature was smiling, the landscape was bright,
The sky was a picture of beauty and light,
The wild birds were singing their merriest lay,
Resounding their praise of the glorious day.

Friend Health with his spade was turning the soil,
And he whistled and sang unheeding the toil ;
With a smile now and then he would lift up his eyes
To gaze on the hills and the beautiful skies ;
Sir Wealth he espied as he came down the lane,
With a frown on his brow as he leaned on his cane.

Good morning, Sir Wealth, there is life in the breeze,
And for beauty just look at these blooming young
trees.

The apple and cherry are growing so fine,
I must build up an arch for this splendid grape-vine,
Thus friend Health chatted on without a reply,
Till the gloom on the brow of Sir Wealth he did spy.
Then he said to himself, Wealth has met with a loss,
And that must be why he is sullen and cross,
And in sympathy sought the true reason to gain ;
Sir Wealth soon replied with a loud groan of pain.

'Tis all very well, your very fine talk
Of beauty and life in the breeze as you walk ;
But if once like me you could never go out,
Without such a horrible twinge of the gout,
And were ever obliged to take drugs and physic,
To conquer the terrible pangs of the phthisic,
I think things would stand in a different light,
And a bit of warm sunshine wouldn't make your
 life bright.

You are hearty and strong, and have nothing to fear,
While I am in misery from year to year ;
I would give all my gold to be rid of the trouble,
Which never grows less, but seems ever to double.

Ah ! is it as fearful as this, cried friend Health,
I'm sure none can withhold their pity, Sir Wealth ;
I have felt the misfortune of poverty great,
But I see you are bearing a much harder fate.
Ah ! never, he thought, as he leaned on his spade,
And wiped his hot brow while he stood in the shade —
Ah ! never again will I envy his gold,
For I have a fortune too great to be told.

THE HAUNTED CAVE.

WHEN the moon paints a path o'er the magic lake,
Come with me to the haunted cave,
And list how the wild weird echoes wake,
When the winds and waters rave.

There's a sound like the wailing voice of woe,
That rolls through the vaulted rocks,
And ghostly shades that come and go,
And a mocking laugh that shocks.

'Tis said that this lonely cave doth hold
An appalling tale of crime,
And the hollow voices rise most bold
When the waves sound their midnight chime.

One summer eve, when the moon was bright,
Strayed a youth and maiden fair,
And they laughed and sang, for their hearts were
light,
A loving and noble pair.

They roamed on the clear lake's shining strand,
And sat in the haunted cave,
And neither dreamed of a robber band,
Nor a deep and yawning grave.

The bright waves sang with a lulling sound,
And the soft winds whispered low,
And the cavern walls and the pebbly ground
Shone with a silvery glow.

Then the youthful pair, as the hours flew past,
Breathed vows of love profound,
Till stirred by a voice like a trumpet's blast,
And a shade that marked the ground.

'Twas the robber chief and his ruffian band
Rejoicing in crime and strife ;
The youth was drowned by the chief's command,
The maiden he called his wife.

She was taken away to his wild stronghold,
And her brain grew mad with woe ;
Soon a terror fell on the robber bold,
And he bade the captive go.

Then she quickly fled to the haunted cave,
And sang in a loud fierce tone,
Then cast her form in a watery grave,
And the waves still a requiem moan.

GRANDMA'S OLD STAR QUILT.

DEAR grandma sits in her easy chair,
With a patch-work quilt on her knee,
And an earnest look in her dim, blue eyes,
That puzzles me much to see.
“What are you seeking for, grandma dear,
That you bend with such serious gaze?
There seems a charm in the rings of stars,
Does it spring from their fading rays?”

“Yes, there is a charm in the rings of stars,
And it springs from their fading rays;
Come here, my little wild Rose, and see
The brightness of by-gone days.
Come look at the treasures I here have spread,
For these pieces of every hue
Form a curious volume of the past,
A record most plain and true.

See, this square of fine calico, dotted with blue,
Was a piece of your mother's first dress;
When the soft, baby footsteps went pattering around
For her mother's fond smile and caress.
How proudly I dressed her, and tied up the sleeves
With bits of blue ribbon to match,

And brushed from her forehead the ringlets so
bright —

They seemed the sun's lustre to catch.

This piece with the vine, like the dress of my friend,
A sweet girl, then, just seventeen years,
So gay and light-hearted, how little she thought
Her path led through sorrow and tears.
She married before me — ah ! poor Isabel,
I have grieved o'er your sad, blighted life !
She married a drunkard, all joy fled her home,
And her lot was but hardship and strife.

This piece from the dress of a schoolmate most dear,
A flower too fair for a world like this ;
She was called to dwell in a heavenly bower —
I have cherished her parting kiss.
This was a bit of your Aunt Mary's cape,
That once she wore on a picnic gay,
And came home like a fairy, covered with flowers,
And wild with the sports of the day.

These blocks like the aprons I gave to poor Jane,
For her two little children to wear ;
Their father was drowned in the wild storm at sea —
Oh ! their loss was most heavy to bear.
This neat little flower, on the pearl-colored ground —
Well, I smile when I think of that dress ;
No girl was more merry, or happy of heart,
Than I, when I wore it, I guess.

Ah ! yes, little Rose, there's a charm in these stars,
That springs from their fast fading rays ;
And fond memory stirs to its centre my heart,
When on their weird brightness I gaze ;
For often I see Time's dim curtain roll back,
And I gaze on the hopes I have built,
And live, for a moment, the years that are past,
From the charms of my old star quilt."

THE GYPSY'S WARNING.

“WHAT seek you at my cabin, lady, at this lone
night hour,
With your smiling scorn, and doubting all my subtle
skill and power?
Yet in spite of scorn and doubting, you would stir
the potent art,
And from out the bubbling caldron draw life's fu-
ture chart.

“O'er you looms a darkling shadow, O my lady
debonair!
And beneath your dainty footsteps trails a fatal snare;
Mystic lines of deepest meaning cross your path of
life —
See you not the fearful danger? Are you not a wife?
Ah! you start, my lady fair. Well, indeed you may;
Hearken to the gypsy's warning, lest you rue the day.

“Lady of the golden hair! there is one who loves
you well;
Mind your heart, my lady fair, I its tales can tell.
Cast not away the pure, true love, for the false and
vile,
List no more the treacherous lips that breathe naught
but guile.

There's a solemn vow that binds you to the love so
true,
There's a loyal heart that's throbbing, trusting all
in you.

"Shadowed o'er your soul, my lady, hangs a deadly
sin ;
You may strive for grander pleasure, but you will
not win ;
You are false in heart, my lady, false to every vow,
And I see shame's fiery language written on your
brow ;
Hear the whispering voice of conscience singing soft
and low,
'Quench the fire on crime's black altar ; hide its
baleful glow.'

"Heed the gypsy's warning, lady, for the future have
a care ;
Of the heart so false and hollow, I again bid you
beware.
Would you shun a bitter portion, stray not from the
sheltering arms,
You will surely be forsaken at the fading of your
charms ;
From the error turn you quickly, ere it is for aye
too late,
'Or despair your soul will ravish,' says the solemn
book of fate."

THE OUTCAST.

SHE stands on the ocean-strand watching the tide,
And the foam-crested waves as they gracefully
glide :

There's a rose in her breast, but it presses a thorn,
There's a smile on her lips, but it looks like scorn.

I am weary, so weary, now softly she sighs,
And raising her head glances up at the skies ;
I am weary, so weary, O waves, do you know
The tale of my bosom's deep sorrow and woe ?

There's a sound in your voice like sympathy sweet,
And a look in your face like rest so complete ;
There are soothing and comforting notes in your song,
As if yearning to hide all of error and wrong.

Ye do not scoff at me, for ye can tell
'Twas the heart's holy trusting that woke the dread
spell ;
Ye do not scorn me, for well do ye know,
How this heart became maddened and wild at the
blow.

But the daughters of earth, as they walk in their pride,
Draw up their grand robes and turn quickly aside;
They heed not that withering anguish is mine,
That to err is but human, forgiveness divine.

Yet they cherish and honor the wretch who has cast
This blight on my soul that clings heavy and fast.
O Justice, thy scales seem of fraudulent weight,
And for the same crime measure not the same fate.

What do I find for the anguish of years?
Nothing but bitterness, misery, tears.
What do I look for the future to bring?
Nothing but scorn with its venomous sting.

How oft I have read the sweet story of old,
Where the multitude thronged about Jesus so bold,
Each a clamoring tale of the woman to tell.
How just was the answer that from His lips fell.

How grandly He spoke, should each human heart own
When He said to the throng, Let him cast the first
stone
Whose nature is pure and unspotted by sin.
Soon they left him in peace when their gaze turned
within.

And again, how divine was the pity that stirred,
How cheered the sad heart of the woman that
heard.

Hath no man condemned thee, the answer breathed
o'er,

Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.

I am weary, so weary, I came here to lie,

And in thy soft arms, O ye billows, to die ;

But I hear a sweet voice that sounds from the skies,

Saying, Daughter of sorrow, arise, O arise.

I do not condemn thee, go sin thou no more.

I hear thee, dear Jesus, and turn from the shore ;

I am weary, so weary, but soon I'll find rest,

And sob my repentance on thy loving breast.

THE EMIGRANT'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

I TAKE up my pen, dearest Annie,
To write a few lines now to you,
For I know that you ever are thinking
Of your Jamie whose heart is so true.

I never can tell, darling Annie,
The grief of my sad, troubled soul,
Since the hour I left you in anguish,
And the wild waves between us did roll.

I am homesick and lonely without you,
Would to God you were here by my side ;
The months seem lingering and dreary
That I must in sorrow abide.

And how sadly I miss little Norah,
And our beautiful bright baby Will ;
When I hear the sweet prattle of children,
My heart does with wild yearnings fill.

Oft in my lone slumbers, dear Annie,
Your shadow before me will glide,
And oft in bright dreams I am happy
To find you again at my side.

But I wake to the sorrowful feeling
 That between us the wide ocean rolls,
 And a shadow falls down on my spirit,
 And wraps my lone heart in its folds.

This is but a sad letter, my darling,
 I will cheer up and hope for the best,
 That the time may not be far distant
 When I'll hold you again to my breast.

I find plenty of work, and am striving,
 Hoping soon to gain us a home,
 A neat little cot in some village,
 To which my own dear ones may come.

This is a fair land of great plenty,
 But there must be no drones in the hive,
 For those who would flourish and prosper,
 Must faithfully struggle and strive.

And I have a spur to ambition
 That will carry me swiftly along,
 And my prayer is, that God may watch o'er you,
 And keep my arm steady and strong.

I will send for you soon, darling Annie,
 Let your heart with this comfort keep light,
 And heed not the whispers of sorrow,
 For our joy will be lasting and bright.

Kiss the children for me, dear Annie,
At evening, at morning, and noon ;
To the care of our God I will leave you,
Write soon, darling Annie, write soon.

REPLY OF THE EMIGRANT'S WIFE.

DEAR JAMIE, I have your kind letter
 Pressed close to my lone, stricken heart;
And the comfort it gives me, my darling,
 Seems to soothe the wild, terrible smart.

You say you are lonely, dear Jamie,
 But think of the grief of your wife,
Whose eyes to the door are still turning,
 Vainly seeking the light of her life.

I miss your fond kiss in the morning,
 I miss your kind greeting at night,
And my heart is so lonely without you,
 There is nothing can give me delight.

O Jamie! this parting will kill me —
 A cup of cold water and bread
Is all the fine fortune I'm wanting,
 If I have but your breast for my head.

Little Norah is calling for papa
 At morning, at noon, and at night;
Baby Willie grows thin for the kisses
 And the wild romps that were his delight.

But what am I saying ? dear Jamie,
This is not what you call being brave !
Forgive me, I'll try to do better —
From your heart every trouble I'd save.

I will strive to be patient and trusting,
Well knowing your courage and strength
Will hew down the thorns from our pathway,
And make our road pleasant at length.

I am glad you have work, darling Jamie ;
I know you'll soon win us a home,
And I think with wild joy of the moment
When I to your dear arms shall come.

And never again we'll be parted ;
Let good or ill fortune betide,
I will never consent, dearest Jamie,
That you wander again from my side.

Write as often as possible, Jamie,
Your letters are sunshine to me,
And your loved voice I seem to hear sounding
Across the wild waves of the sea.

Do not worry about us, dear Jamie,
I will watch o'er our little ones well,
And to them, every day, of their papa
In the land of the stranger I'll tell.

And now that the good God may keep you
 In your toiling, and hard, earnest strife,
And bring us in gladness together,
 Is the whole earnest prayer of your wife.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

AGAIN I behold the dear home of my childhood,
Hallowed by peace, in the rose-scented dell;
Again I behold the familiar old wildwood —
Ah, memory sweet! I am bound by thy spell.

Long, long years have passed since I gazed on thy
beauty,
Strange lands and strange scenes have held me
in thrall;
Now sadly I think of the neglected duty,
Mother, oh, mother! still dearer than all.

I cannot go on, for emotion enfolds me,
I will rest here a while on this oft-trodden hill,
And think of the moment when mother beholds me;
Does she speak of her wild, wayward wanderer
still?

Not a word have I heard, and only one letter
Has reached me in all the long years that have
passed;
Sad memory whispers, I might have done better
Than squander my life in the lot I have cast.

Shall I see my dear sisters and brother, — oh,
Harry!

Why did I wander away from your side?
Did you all these years with our dear mother tarry?
Or have you, too, roamed the world's pathway
wide?

The scene is not changed, not a land-mark has vanished,

There stands the old mill, and the miller's cot near;
And the very same school-house, from which I was
banished

When my cruel pranks filled the good teacher
with fear.

And there flows the stream, where oft I have waded,
And launched my rude boats in proud boyish glee;
There is the great willow, that ever has shaded
The cot far more grand than a palace to me.

How peaceful it seems — but a strange fear comes
o'er me!

Not a form have I seen moving near the old cot!
Ah, well, I will go — what a joy is before me,
My feet soon will stand on the dear sacred spot.

Last night, in a dream, dear mother bent o'er me,
In blessing she placed her kind hand on my head;
I gazed in her face as she lingered before me,
It was ghastly and pale as the face of the dead!

The house is deserted — how dreadful the feeling
That thrills through my being and chills my lone
heart ;

How deadly the faintness that o'er me is stealing,
As though my sad soul from my body would part !

“ Hail, friend ! can you tell to a wandering stranger
Aught of the widow who dwelt in this cot ?
She had two sons, and one was a ranger ;
Pray tell, if you know, the other's life lot ? ”

“ Ah, well can I tell, though I, too, have wandered,
And like you, returned to the old cottage door,
Too late ! ah, too late ! for the love we have squandered —
Mother and sisters on earth are no more ! ”

THE COTTAGE.

How sweet the charm that lingers round the cot,
How richly blest, though humble be their lot,
Are they who dwell in peace and love, where sweet
content

Its steadfast and effulgent star has lent,
Who till the soil and love the verdant sod,
The works of Nature and kind Nature's God.

When rosy beams of summer morning break,
From balmy sleep the little household wake,
And out into the pure and radiant air
Each gladly seeks the daily tasks to share ;
Where free and truly each untutored heart
May act its pleasure, unrestrained by art ;
Where etiquette by love and truth is bound,
The purest, holiest joys of earth are found.

The little children hie them to their bowers,
Like rival gardeners cultivate their flowers,
Watching the birds, the butterflies, and bees,
The fruited vines, and richly laden trees ;
Pleasure and duty blending all day long,
With song of bird is joined the heart's sweet song.

No fancied ills distress the little band,
Each proudly seeks in firmest health to stand ;
And when the board with wholesome food is spread,
None sigh with pampering dainties to be fed.
The troubles which oppress the rich and grand
Are never known amid that little band.

Fashion, whose laws but bind in folly's chains,
Within that home dominion never gains ;
The housewife's independence true, and honest pride,
Between the slaves of fashion shows a margin wide,
And it would never cause a sigh or tear,
Though she should wear a bonnet of last year.

Wild speculation never haunts the good man's brain
Nor eager frenzy wring his soul with pain,
Till worn and pallid with the furious strife,
The care and trouble makes a woe of life ;
But countless blessings in his lot he finds,
And never at his humble state repines ;
Still keeps the even tenor of his way,
And gains life's purest happiness each day.

THE PALACE.

HERE splendor greets the eye on every hand,
Here gathered are the works of every land,
The richest, rarest gems of earth and sea
Are scattered o'er in grand profusion free ;
Every desire the human heart can hold,
Is granted by the magic power of gold.

In such a bower of earthly pomp as this,
Surely each heart must drain the cup of bliss ;
No servile thought of toil can enter in,
Not e'en a hint of labor's bustling din ;
Luxuriant ease, and pleasure's idle dream,
Must bear them sweetly o'er Time's rushing stream.

Ah ! 'tis not from the surface we can gain
A knowledge of the heart's distress or pain ;
And though a mortal's lot may perfect seem,
'Tis no more real than a midnight dream.
If care and trouble of the deepest kind
Should not appear to agonize the mind,
A thousand petty ills will then arise
To dim the brightness of joy's radiant skies ;
A surfeit of the choicest things of earth
Ne'er fails to give the phantom *ennui* birth,

And many a lady, in her palace grand,
Finds countless ills arise on every hand.
A slave, she bends 'neath Fashion's heavy chain;
Though wrought of gold, it leaves a weary pain;
Languid and weak, life's truest charm is lost,
The mind on restless waves of discontent is tossed;
She's tired of opera, tired of parties, balls,
She's tired of dressing, tired of making calls;
She's tired of choosing between this or that,
And 'tis a task to gain the right cravat;
The voice of duty calls too oft in vain,
And that is lost which proves the soul's true gain.

The artless children, too, how little they
Know of the crowning bliss of childhood's day;
In dress too fine for Nature's purest joys,
They must amuse themselves with costly toys;
And speak and walk, by the most perfect rule
That can be taught in Fashion's rigid school;
Pallid and weak they move about the floor,
The doctor's chaise is often at the door,
And in the palace halls a spectre stands,
That to a flame each spark of weakness fans;
Not here find we the perfect home of earth,
Though wealth to every comfort may give birth.

The corner-stone of happiness must rest within the
heart,
'Tis vain to seek it in the world's great mart;
Its substance ne'er decays, it ne'er grows old,
'Tis far more precious than earth's gems and gold.

Who fondly dreams each gratified desire
Can raise life's blissful standard higher and higher,
Will find the staff naught but a broken reed.
Who lacks the boon Content, is poor indeed.

THE RAGGED BRIDE.

IDLY gazing through the city,
Strolled a sailor just from sea,
And if one his mind were searching,
Serious thought would prove the key ;
Sad and lonely was he pondering,
Not a home in all the earth —
Not a smile to bid him welcome
From a friend of kindred birth.

Far he strolled, and thus he murmured :
I loved Nelly, she loved me ;
Where in all the landlocked regions
Can my long-lost sweetheart be ?
Every voyage I have sought her,
Looked for her on every shore ;
Heaven help me soon to find her,
For my heart is lone and sore.

I am sick of this wild wandering,
Roaming o'er old ocean's breast,
I would now live like a landsman,
Have a quiet home and rest ;
I have saved my hard-earned money
For the better time to come ;

And for the comfort of my Nelly
I would spend a good round sum.

Ah ! he sighed, I've long been thinking
Nell's forgot her sailor boy,
And with some new love now mated,
Leads a life of quiet joy.
Just then at the corner turning,
The wanderer heard a mournful wail,
And quickly gazing on a door-step
Beheld a creature thin and pale.

His heart deep moved with sudden pity
Led him to the mourner's side,
And in tender accents asked he
Why so bitterly she cried?
Slowly raised the eyes of sorrow,
"I am starving, sir," she said;
"God be praised!" she wildly shouted,
"Jamie, dear, I thought you dead."

"Nelly, Nelly, sweetheart Nelly!
Is it thus I find my lass,"
Cried he, as he clasped her fondly,
"How came this sad thing to pass?
Come, we'll feast and talk together,
Then we'll to the preacher go;
If my Nell has waited for me,
Better days she now shall know."

Soon she told her tale of sorrow ;
She had kept a spotless name —
Fought with poverty and sickness,
Death preferred to life of shame.
Jamie clasped her hand, and rising,
Said, “ Dear Nellie, let us haste,
We will shortly find a preacher,
And no more good time will waste.”

Nelly's eyes with joy were shining,
As she pointed to her dress
Which was all in tatters streaming :
She had strove to make them less.
“ Never mind the rags my hearty,
We will twist them by and by ;
First, we'll find the man of power,
Who the splicing knot can tie.”

Soon they on their mission started —
To a man of God they went ;
Jamie, to the wondering preacher,
Told the way his hopes were bent.
“ We were boy and girl together —
I love Nelly, she loves me :
Splice the gasket, holy captain,
Man and wife we now will be.”

THE DOOMED SHIP.

A NOBLE bark sailed for a distant shore,
And precious freight of human souls it bore ;
Happy and joyous — some on pleasure bent,
And some on duty's call and mission sent.

For days the gallant ship with swiftness sped,
And peace and comfort their soft radiance shed ;
The calm waves sang a mild and tender lay,
That banished dreams of terror all away.

And naught was there the pleasant scene to mar,
For all undimmed shone forth Hope's glowing star ;
The merry laugh, and cheering jest were heard,
And sweet anticipation every bosom stirred.

The husband to his young bride tenderly
Spoke of the years of bliss that were to be,
And of the crowning joys that would arise,
To make their home an earthly Paradise.

The mother sang her darling child to sleep,
And soothed each fear that o'er its heart would creep ;
And as the hours of rest and darkness glide,
She calmly slumbers by her infant's side.

Now all is peace — the midnight hour is near —
Naught but the seamen's labor strikes the ear,
As fast the vessel, "like a thing of life,"
Bounds o'er the waves now rising in wild strife.

And o'er the little band the tender chains of sleep
Are cast; rocked in the strong arms of the deep,
They dream sweet dreams of home and happiness,
And absent ones to the fond bosom press.

But hark! what sound breaks on the midnight air,
A cry that thrills and trembles with despair;
The demon's from his lair, with vengeance dire!
Great God! that cry — 'tis fire! fire! fire!

Fire! fire! fire! the ship's on fire!
The flames are creeping, leaping higher and higher,
O God of mercy! is there none to save
The trembling mortals from a watery grave?

Wild prayers and shrieks are heard on every side,
As madly on the fiery billows glide;
The husband grasps his wife beloved so dear,
The mother clasps her child in frantic fear.

"The boats! the boats!" the brave commander cries.
Each man to do his bidding quickly flies;
The boats are filled, cast on the treacherous waves —
Each now of death and danger loudly raves.

Wild storm and blackness fills the thickened air,
Save where outleaps the fire's appalling glare ;
The furious billows shout the awful doom,
And bind their victims in an ocean tomb.

The flames speed on, and soon the noble bark
Sinks to the ocean caverns deep and dark ;
The mad waves thunder their triumphant song,
Despair and horror wave their banners strong.

But few of all the late, so happy band,
Will ever reach again the solid land ;
And anxious friends wait on a distant shore
For the dear ones they'll see on earth no more.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

PALE with sorrow, and crowned with woe,
In her wretched home she sits,
While over her heart, and over her brain,
A phantom of misery flits.

Dim are her eyes with unshed tears,
As she bends o'er her midnight toil,
And harder, and closer, around her form,
The chains of weariness coil.

Swiftly the gleaming needle flies
Through the garment white and clear ;
She is stitching in through seam and band,
Life's thread of care and fear.

She must work and strive for her children dear ;
Her weak hand must win their bread ;
Where, oh, where, is the manly form,
In pride and joy she wed ?

There's a serpent coiled at the cheerless hearth,
And its fangs have pierced her soul ;
While ruin and desolation dire,
Lead on to their frightful goal.

She is listening now for a trembling step
That will totter to the door ;
Where, oh, where, are the hopes so bright
She held in the days of yore ?

Her thoughts run back to the years of bliss,
Ere she left her childhood home —
So bright in its wealth of peace and joy —
O'er the untried world to roam.

Did she dream of this, when her trusting heart
Gave its crown of holy love ?
The treasure pure to the dust is cast ;
Her faith but a snare did prove.

She shudderingly hears the wailing storm
Sweep through the freezing air,
Like the frantic touch on woe's wild harp
Of the fingers of despair.

The light of hope from her heart has fled,
Though love on its altar burns ;
And over the poor, sin-stricken soul,
She in tender pity yearns.

Wilder and wilder sweeps the blast,
Colder and louder the storm ;
Darker and darker the shadows creep,
And wrap her shivering form.

The work now falls from her weary hands,
And she lifts her eyes to heaven,
With a prayer that strength and holy aid
To her fainting soul be given.

And she cries, Oh, break the demon's chain
That drags the wanderer on!
Father of love and mercy save,
Save, save, the erring one.

THE MARINER'S BRIDE.

Now, while the bright torches of midnight blaze,
I am thinking of you, Harry, dear,
As alone I sit basking beneath their rays,
And my eyes on the flash of their beauty gaze,
But my visions grow dim with a tear.

I sit by the lattice of roses to-night,
Ever thinking of you, Harry, dear,
And I see from the lattice the waters bright,
That dance and foam in the pride of their might,
And my heart grows heavy with fear.

There's a circle around the moon to-night,
While twin stars in the circle appear,
And dear grandam says, a storm follows the sight,
A storm that is wild in its fury and might;
O Harry, I wish you were here.

I am sad and lonely, and cannot sleep,
For thinking of you, Harry, dear,
In your home that is skimming the face of the deep,
While storms and tempests around you creep,
And naught my sad bosom can cheer.

I think of the happy and joy-bright hours
Ere you left my side, Harry, dear,
How we sat by the brook, and you crowned me with
flowers,
Then sprinkled me over with silvery showers,
And laughed at my mimic fear.

When the sun had set, how we roamed on the shore,
And gathered bright shells, Harry, dear,
And wrote in the sand, and sang to the roar
Of the ocean waves that came sweeping o'er,
And my heart knew no care or fear.

And our snug little cot by the side of the sea,
Was a palace to us, Harry, dear,
And bright with the light of our love, ah me,
The light has gone out o'er a watery lea,
And the cottage is dark and drear.

My walks are all lonely ones now, Harry, dear,
Yet good Rover springs quick from the yard,
He tries with his great wishful eyes to cheer,
And ever is watching and lingering near,
The love of his master to guard.

At evening he follows me down to the shore,
And I stretch out my arms to the sea,
And the song of my grief joins the ocean's wild roar,
As I cry to the waves that are lashing the shore,
Oh, bring back my Harry to me.

A tempest is brewing, I know by the skies,
And I tremble with sorrow and fear,
Yet o'er thee is watching a power all wise ;
To the Lord of the tempest my prayers shall arise,
To bring thee safe home, Harry, dear.

THE MANIAC MOTHER'S LULLABY.

HUSH thee, my darling, lie close to my heart,
For the wild winds are howling around ;
And the tempest of midnight will strive us to part,
As we crouch on the shelterless ground.

Hush thee, my darling, now why dost thou weep ?
What grief in thy young heart can stay ?
Here on the fond breast of thy mother thou'lt sleep ;
She will watch thee till dawns the new day.

Hush thee, my darling, woe's tears are not thine !
Thou hast not thy mother's lot borne ;
Thine eyes do not see the wild anguish in mine,
Nor how this poor heart has been torn.

Hush thee, my darling, I'll sing to thee now —
Hush ! Hark how the storm-spirits rave !
This garland of cypress entwining my brow
I plucked from my withered heart's grave.

I'll sing to thee soft as the tempest sweeps by,
And lays its cool hands on my brain ;
I'll sing to thee soft, for a footstep is nigh —
They are seeking my baby again.

But they shall not find thee, my little white dove —
 I will hide thee deep down in my heart ;
 'Tis little they know of thy mother's wild love —
 Not even death's power shall us part.

For art thou not all in this world I can claim,
 Since o'er my bright hope came this blight ?
 They say I am maddened with grief and with
 shame —
 Oh, when shall my soul see the light ?

But sleep, thee, my darling, thou never shalt know !
 Aught of the cold world's cruel scorn ;
 Thy heart shall ne'er ache with a torturing woe
 Till thou cursest the day thou wast born.

Yes, yes, they are seeking us now through the gloom,
 The faint gleam of the lantern appears ;
 They know I am wearily seeking a tomb
 To bury my anguish and fears.

Hush thee, my darling, lie close to the breast
 That is throbbing so wildly for thee ;
 I will seek for a bed, where we sweetly may rest,
 In the soft yielding arms of the sea.

For the waves they are calling so loudly to-night,
 And bidding us haste to their side ;
 Thy mother is clad in a wedding robe white,
 Fit garment for death's willing bride.

Then hush thee, my darling, 'tis but a step more —
We soon shall be free from dark earth ;
And I know we shall tread on a kindlier shore
When we wake to our spirit's new birth.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

“A PENNY for your thoughts, my dear ;
A penny — even two,
For I am anxious, quite, to know
What spell is cast o’er you ?
You’ve sat in silence for an hour,
With soft and dreamy smiles ;
What castles have you built, my dear,
That thus your time beguiles ?”

“Dear wife, I have been thinking of
The past and blessed years
That you and I have dwelt in love,
Sharing all hopes and fears.
No castle, good wife, have I built,
But a cottage, neat and small,
Where the sweet words, Content and Peace,
Are glittering on the wall.

“I’ve thought of all the sunny hours
That you and I have spent,
And find that quiet happiness
To time its wings has lent ;
For swiftly as it rolls away,
I find no dark regret,
Nor any wild, tormenting thought,
I gladly would forget.

“We’ve never seen our cherished hopes
Like snow-wreaths fade away,
And but few clouds of sorrow have
Obscured our pleasant way.
Our neighbors may be richer, wife,
We’re not o’erstocked with wealth ;
But we have noble boys and girls,
And all are blessed with health.

“There’s Charley, our brave, eldest boy,
An honor to our name ;
There’s James, and Ned, and little Will,
And all are just the same.
Now, mother, I’m no flatterer,
But what I say is true —
No better girls than ours are born,
And they are just like you.

“I’m ready for your penny, wife,
I think you promised two ;
But never mind, a loving kiss
Upon my cheek will do.
I’ve built no castle grand, my dear ;
But a cottage neat and small,
Where glad sunbeams of love and joy
In their pure radiance fall.”

A LIFE PICTURE.

A COTTAGE peeping through a leafy bower,
Where roses and sweet honeysuckles thrive ;
A silvery brook runs singing near the door,
And bees are humming round a rustic hive.
Sunbeams are weaving through the open door
A golden carpet for the snowy floor.

A cherub boy lies sleeping on the porch,
The flaxen ringlets with each zephyr float ;
Its head lies pillowed on a noble dog,
Its fingers twisted in the shaggy coat.
The house-cat purs upon the window ledge,
And wild bird warbles from the hawthorn hedge.

Within the cot the happy mother sings,
While back and forth the fairy footsteps steal.
Her proud glance turns upon her sleeping boy ;
Her busy hands prepare the noonday meal.
The wealth of happiness surrounds the humble place,
And sweet content illumines the wife's fair face.

Soon from his toil the happy husband turns,
Fond praises of his home upon his lips will dwell.
His hopes he to his bosom friend confides ;
His lordly friend who fain would learn the spell

That binds a heart in chains of love, so strong —
A trusting, holy love, that thinketh nothing wrong.

Now in the guise of sacred friendship robed,
He stands beneath the humble, peaceful roof;
He sees the wealth that gilds the rustic home,
And of the husband's glowing tales finds proof.
Soon on his heart's foul altar glows a fire
That burns and flames for honor's funeral pyre.

Within his breast a strong, wild tumult stirs —
'Tis grand, he owns, to claim a form so fair;
And straightway lays a dark and shameless plan
To win his friend's sweet wildwood flower so rare.
With tales and arts deep as the raging sea,
He will perfect his soul's black treachery.

A few short months have changed the joyous scene,
Now ghastly shadows wrap the little cot;
Beside a fireless hearth a madman raves,
And to the wild wind shouts his bitter lot.
The crib is empty, and the cupboard bare,
The dog alone his master's vigils share.

Alas! that human love should prove a curse.
Alas! that friendship should be but a name.
The poor man mutters in his deep despair:
My trusting heart has wrought its bitter shame,
No more shall mortal faith within me dwell,
Friendship and love wove this soul-blighting spell.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

“I WILL hang up my stocking, dear mother,
I will hang up my stocking to-night,
For all the shop windows are shining
With treasures so tempting and bright;
And if good Santa Claus should discover,
When he passes our cottage to-night,
That a little girl waits for his favor,
He will never my earnest wish slight.

“And now that I think of it, mother,
I will hang up a stocking for you,
Who knows what the good Christmas Fairies
For my poor, weary mother may do?
Who never has leisure nor comfort,
Who has no warm clothing to wear,
Whose sad eyes are dim with much weeping,
Whose pale cheeks are sunken with care.

“Oh! I wish I were rich, dearest mother,
I would make you so merry to-night,
No more should stern want and dark sorrow
Rob your heart of all joy and delight.

You never have smiled since dear father
Was lost on the wild, stormy sea.
If my dreams of last night were but real,
How happy — how happy we'd be.

“ But I'll hang up the stockings, now, mother
Though not by the drear chimney place,
But out on the porch by the window,
And I'll ask for God's blessing and grace.
For one who is patient and tender,
Whose heart is so trusting and true,
Who knows what the good Christmas Fairies
For my poor, weary mother may do.”

How sad is the smile of the mother
As she bends o'er her dear, loving child,
Stroking soft the bright curls as she whispers,
“ Darling, cherish not visions so wild.
Our home here is wretched and lonely,
But we'll pray the Good Father to grant
Us a home in His mansion of glory,
Where cometh no sorrow nor want.”

They see not the form of the stranger,
Who stands by the cold, broken pane,
With looks of deep sorrow and yearning,
While tears on his cheek leave their stain.
As a deluge of fond recollection
Seems to hold in his bosom full sway,
He mutters, “ I'll come with the fairies,”
And turns from the windows away.

When the fair morning dawned in full glory,
Little bright eyes the stockings sought out,
And finding them filled to repletion,
Returned with a wild, joyous shout,
"I wish you a sweet, merry Christmas,
See what my grand wishes have won,
Come quickly and see what the fairies
For poor, weary mother have done."

With hands all a-tremble with wonder,
The mother a stocking received,
And spread on the table its contents,
With senses she scarcely believed.
A purse of bright gold and a package,
A letter which thrilling words poured,
Sweetly breathing the life-giving tidings.
The lost by God's mercy restored.

While tears of pure rapture were falling,
Softly enters a tall, manly form,
Crying, "Wife, child, my heart's only treasures,
I will shield you from want's bitter storm.
This glad moment repays all the torture
My spirit the long years has borne;
Our Father in heaven, we praise Thee,
This joy-laden, bright Christmas morn."

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

THE wild wind sweeping around a cot,
The winter wind, so drear and cold,
Around a wretched and lonely cot,
Hid in the mountain's fold,
And whistling loud, it seemed to say,
Sounding its tune, so clear and bold,
"Where is the host so old and gray?
Where is the host, I say?"
Down in the cellar, counting his gold,
Counting his yellow gold.

Yes, there lived a miser old and gray,
In the lonely mountain cot,
With a daughter fair, whose form of clay
Would have graced a brighter lot;
Her sweet soul yearned for the grand and true,
With a tender love for the brave and bold,
And she sought, with an earnest zeal, to gain
Power to break the chain
That held her sire so gray and old,
In the dismal cellar, counting his gold,
Counting his shining gold.

But his will was hard, and his heart was cold,
And his ear was deaf to her piteous prayer;

For he loved no sound but the chink of his gold,
And his heart grew heavy with care.
She had a lover true and brave,
True and brave, but he had no gold,
And the curse of her sire forbade her hold
Love for the beggared knave.
She had a suitor gray and old,
The lord of a castle stored with gold,
Stored with glittering gold.

To wed this suitor, so old and gray,
Her sire had given his stern command;
The compact sealed, he had set the day,
And bade her offer a willing hand.
“A willing hand, for the heart,” he said,
“Had naught to fear in the compact bold.”
She should dwell in the castle old and grand,
The richest lady in all the land.
What if its lord were stern and old,
She would have bags of the precious gold,
Bags of the precious gold !

But her soul recoiled from the sordid fate,
And her form grew thin, and her cheek grew pale,
And she found in her heart but fear and hate
For the lord and the bridal veil.
With tears of anguish she knelt to pray
Once more to her father stern :
“I have given my heart and hope away,
And my form in the arms of death shall lay

Ere I wed the lord of the castle old,
With his hoary locks and shining gold."

"Enough of this folly!" he fiercely cried,

"For that beggar bold you pine.

Ere to-morrow's sun you shall be a bride;

Now robe yourself like a lady fine,
Your tears and prayers are vain.

I shall watch you well till the evening gloom,

You shall ne'er for a moment leave your room,
'Till my lord his bride doth gain.

If your heart to yon penniless knave you've sold,
I have given your hand for gold,
For gold — bright, shining gold!"

Back to her chamber drear she sped,

All hope from her breast had flown;

She bound a wreath on her drooping head,

Donned her bridal robe with a moan;

Then quick from her bosom a flask she took,

With a wild, wild prayer she drank,

Then calmly lay on her humble bed,

And in a dread stupor sank.

The heart grew still, and the hands grew cold,

Clasped in a deadly fold.

Night came on, and the lord was there,

The lord of the castle grand:

For his bonny bride, so sweet and fair,

The fairest in all the land.

They entered her chamber, so drear and cold,
With a glory crowned, no life, no breath,
She lay in her beauty, the bride of Death.
The wind shrieked by, and seemed to say,
Howling its tune, so loud and bold,
"Where is the host so old and gray,
Where is the host, I say?"
In the dismal cellar, counting his gold,
Counting his yellow gold!

THE PHANTOM HORSEMAN.

A LEGEND OF ST. MARK'S CASTLE.

A GHOSTLY shadow roams through the ruined castle
halls,
And a ghastly light is gleaming where the struggling
moonlight falls,
While the night-bird chants a gloomy dirge upon
the crumbling walls.

The forest trees are bending, as they listen to the tale
Breathed by the stormy spirit, of the quickly-coming
gale,
And through the dark pine arches echoes a mournful
wail.

Around the stately mountain lowers a midnight cloud,
And through its inky blackness leaps the red light-
ning proud,
And dismal marsh and moorland sleep in a murky
shroud.

Now wildly shrieks the storm-fiend as it rushes o'er
the lea,
And loudly roars and plunges the waves of the mad-
dened sea,
For the night grows furious and black as black can be.

Crash, crash ! the clouds are bursting with the thunder's mighty wrath.

See ! the lightning shows a horseman coming down the mountain path —

'Tis the ghost of Adine's lover, the noble young McGrath.

'Twas on a night as fearful, in the days of long ago,
When the castle lamps were blazing, and its fire
were all aglow,

When its halls were filled with music, and all was
pomp and show ;

In her father's halls the brightest, stood Adine, so
young and fair,

In a robe like glittering silver, with white blossoms
in her hair ;

From her eyes beamed love and gladness, and her
heart knew not a care.

It was the bridal evening of the fair Adine St. Mark,
And a throng of guests were waiting, though the
night with storm was dark,

For the bridegroom tarried strangely, till their hope
was but a spark.

Soon the storm burst in mad fury — it was near the
midnight hour ;

Adine, wild with conjecture, drooped like a withered
flower,

Till suddenly her name was called, within her lattice
bower.

She sprang with joy and wonder, for the voice she
knew full well,
But a mystic fear swept over her, and bound her
with its spell,
And she moved like one in slumber, while none the
cause could tell.

She fled out in the darkness, crying, "Donald, where
are you?"
"O Adine, Adine, my own one, come to my soul so
true,
That pale Death cannot sever the hopes my fond
heart knew."

With lamp and torch they sought her, through the
dreary midnight rain,
By the river, o'er the mountain, and in each nook
and lane;
But when morning beams were breaking, had their
search been all in vain.

When the sun was near the zenith, toward a moun-
tain gorge they turned,
And there (oh, scene appalling!) they the dreadful
story learned,
While each cheek was blanched with horror, and
each heart with pity burned.

In a pool of crimson gore lay the horse and rider slain,
His dark locks stiff and matted, on his cheek a fear-
ful stain,
And on his bosom slept Adine, never to wake again.

'Twas a black deed, foully done by the hand of the
Esquire,
Who for the love of fair Adine had madly dared
aspire,
Which proving vain, within his heart had burned a
murderous fire.

Mirth and joy throughout the castle was now
changed to sullen gloom,
And ere long, St. Mark beside his child lay in the
vaulted tomb,
While ruin and decay stalked free within each lone-
some room.

'Tis said that when the tempest howls in fiercest,
wildest wrath,
Ever is seen a horseman coming down the moun-
tain path,
Called "The Ghost of Adine's lover" — the noble
young McGrath.

THE WIDOW'S DREAM.

A TALE OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE wild December wind rang fierce and loud ;
The midnight stars looked on earth's snowy shroud ;
The busy throng had long since hurried past
To seek safe shelter from the piercing blast ;
Some to sweet homes, where peace and plenty smiled,
And some to homes where gorgeous wealth lay piled.
The child of sorrow to the cheerless hearth,
Where want has banished scenes of joy and mirth.

Within a drear and meagre-furnished room,
With features pale, and brow of brooding gloom,
Bent a lone widow o'er her midnight toil —
The few pence must bring food and fire and oil.
Three little ones lay sleeping on a thinly-covered
cot ;
Through her tears the mother watched them, think-
ing of their wretched lot ;
“ Dear lambs,” she softly murmured, “ well may I
moan and grieve,
I have no food to give them, and this is Christmas
Eve.

“ On the quickly coming morrow, when the Christ-
mas sun shall shine,

There'll be joy for other children, but not one drop
for mine ;

I am weak and worn with sorrow, there's no ray of
hope for me,

Naught in the distant future, but want and misery.

I am weary — oh ! so weary, and I long to lay my
head

Where the woe-worn rest from trouble, in death's
narrow, peaceful bed ;

But my children ! oh, my children : God of mercy,
hear my prayer ;

Give them bread, O Heavenly Father ! let them
feel Thy loving care.

“ On the dawning of the New Year comes the land-
lord for his rent ;

I no money have to give him, the last penny will be
spent.

Oh, my heart with care is breaking ; Heavenly
Father, let us die ;

Soon no home on earth is left us — take us to Thy
home on high.”

At length woe's fiercest flame she partly quenched
in tears,

A calm came o'er her spirit, and she half forgot her
fears ;

Her weary head drooped low, and the table offered
rest,

Till sweet slumber banished anguish from the sor-
row-laden breast.

For an hour her brain had wandered through the
maze of a wild dream ;

A mystic presence whispered a tale that strange did
seem,

And, starting from her slumber, she turned in won-
der wild,

Till waking thoughts returned, and she sadly spoke
and smiled :

“I felt some one was near me, but ’twas only a wild
dream ;

The old man with snowy hair, how real he did seem,
And the words he breathed unto me I never can for-
get,

It seems as though I listen to the ringing whisper
yet.

“There’s a stone down in the cellar, crumbling and
green with mould ;

Beneath the stone lies buried a box of shining gold ;

Dig till the candle flame upon the box doth shine ;

Dig, and the hoarded wealth of the precious box is
thine.”

Again the head drooped slowly, and the slumber
chain was cast,

Again the wondrous figure by the dreamer’s vision
passed,

And the same strange words were whispered in a
tone so clear and low,

Adding, “Arise, take up thy candle, and to the cel-
lar go.”

Again the dreamer started, and partly raised her head ;

But soon it sank, her senses were too firm with slumber wed.

And again the mystic whisper was breathed within her ear ;

Then she broke the bands of slumber with her brain awake and clear.

“ How strange, how strange,” she murmured ; “ what can I, shall I, do ?

The world is wrapped in slumber, now — the clock is striking two.

Shall I heed this mystic whisper that rings within my ear ?

I will — my heart grows stronger — I have no cause for fear.

There’s a stone down in the cellar, crumbling, and green with mould,

Beneath the stone lies hidden a box of shining gold ;
Dig till the candle-flame upon the box doth shine ;
Dig, and the hoarded wealth of the precious box is thine.”

One glance upon her children, of yearning love, she cast ;

Then taking up the candle, she through the dark hall passed.

Soon, in the dismal cellar, she, trembling, stood alone,

Seeking in every corner for the green and mouldy stone.

With patient, earnest toiling, though her heart was
throbbing wild,
She turned the worthless rubbish that in many parts
was piled ;
And every covered portion of the dark mould she
laid bare,
Till, faint with her vain efforts, she was sinking in
despair ;
Turning backward in deep anguish, with a feebly-
uttered moan,
The light she held so lowly, fell on a mossy stone ;
With rapture she beheld it, and with recovered
strength,
She loosened all the dark mould, and raised the
stone at length.

Her spade, in a few moments, sent forth a ringing
sound —
The mystic box of treasure — the precious box was
found.
With much toil she drew it up from its bed so black
and cold,
Murmuring softly, as she labored, “ Can it be that
this is gold ? ”

To her lonely room she bore it — what splendor
met her gaze
When opened, and the treasure flashed beneath the
candle's rays.

Scratched inside the cover was the name of "Amos
White,"
Where gold and rarest jewels gave forth their ra-
diant light ;
"Amos White, my great-grandfather, was a miser,
then," she said ;
"I have heard they sought his treasure years after
he was dead."

Now the Christmas morn is breaking grandly from
the night of gloom,
And her darlings all are rescued from dark poverty's
dread doom ;
O'er the heart, unknown to gladness, rays of bliss
now brightly gleam ;
Scattered are the cloud and darkness, by the widow's
mystic dream.

THE TRUE WIFE.

“It is quite time for Paul to come,
My noble, generous Paul !
He said he'd bring those diamonds home ;
I will wear them to the ball.

“Dear Paul ! there's nothing on the earth
His love would not provide,
I've sought and found his noble worth
Since I have been his bride.

“He calls me his gay butterfly,
Fit for a summer bower ;
And says that I would pine and die,
Should dread misfortune lower.

“In vain I tell him that my heart
Feeds on his love alone,
That I could stand in trouble's mart,
E'en though all wealth had flown.

“If I have but his manly arm,
And brave heart throbbing true,
Still by his side I'll fear no harm,
That Fortune's frown may do.

“ But why speak of life’s bitter things,
When golden hope and joy,
And pleasure on her glittering wings,
Brings bliss without alloy ?

“ Dear Paul, why does he make me wait ?
’Tis time that he was home,
I hear a hand upon the gate,
I’m sure that he has come.

“ I hear the step, ah ! yes, ’tis he,
I’ll meet him in the hall ;
He’s ghastly pale, oh ! what can be
Ill with my darling Paul ?

“ Dear Paul, you’ve kept me waiting long,
And dinner is most cold.
Why, you are ill ! there’s something wrong,
I’m dying to be told.

“ You tremble, and your lips are white,
There’s tears within your eyes ;
Speak ! speak ! my heart is fainting quite,
My fears I can’t disguise.”

“ Tis ruin ; wife ! all, all is lost ;
There’s nothing I can save ;
Wild speculation, this, the cost !
Would I were in my grave.

“ Your diamonds too, poor wife, must go, —
This mansion, everything,
To pay the enormous sum I owe
Will scarce the value bring.

“ Despair has seized my very soul,
No hope on earth I find ;
Dread waves of poverty must roll,
Destruction’s throngs must bind.”

“ Paul ! Paul ! look up ; look at your wife ;
She does not faint nor sink,
You are my fortune and my life,
Woe’s cup you must not drink.

“ Cheer up ! cheer up ; ’tis not so bad,
Let all wealth’s glitter go ;
We’ll find enough to make life glad,
And joy’s pure fountain flow.

“ I’ve always thought a cottage sweet,
And rural pleasures grand ;
We’ll find some quiet, snug retreat,
And work with heart and hand.

“ And oh, what joy ’twill be for me
To aid my husband dear ;
Cheer up, cheer up, my darling Paul,
There is no cause for fear.

“I see you now in fancy bright,
In the future’s quiet hours,
Come from sweet haunts, o’er fields of light,
Your brown hand filled with flowers.

“Oh ! there are purer joys than those
Which wealth and fashion bring.
Take diamonds, gems, and regal clothes,
I’ll work, the while I sing.

“Cheer up, cheer up, ’tis not so bad,
Let all wealth’s glitter go ;
We’ll find enough to make life glad,
And joy’s pure fountain flow.”

“Beloved wife ! you are my life ;
You give me strength and hope ;
I’ll struggle through this sea of strife,
And with dark danger cope.

“For I have still in you a joy
To value most in life ;
Your worth misfortune can’t destroy,
My true, my noble wife.”

THE INDIAN MOTHER'S LAMENT.

CLOSE by the side of the dancing stream,
In the mountain-shade,
A bed I have made,
And down in it laid
My little star-beam.
The white cloud weeps
Where the young fawn sleeps,
And the lonely mother lies down to dream ;
Soft winds sing, " He has gone from the Indian band."
Chant with me, stream,
Of my little star-beam,
Gone, gone to the spirit land.

He has gone from the lodge of his sire
To the Great Chief's hunting-grounds ;
Happy and free
As a dove will he be
In the home of the spirit-sire.
He will meet the braves
From the forest graves,
And sit at their council fire.
Hoarse winds moan, " He has gone from the warrior's band."

Chant with me, stream,
Of my little star-beam,
Gone, gone to the spirit land.

His feet were winged like the arrow
That speeds from the twanging bow ;
There was fire in his eye,
Like the stars in the sky,
That light the dark world below.
Oh the breast of the Indian mother
Is filled with the waters of woe.
Wild woods breathe, "He has gone from the hunt-
ing band."

Chant with me, stream,
Of my little star-beam,
Gone, gone to the spirit land.

I will stay and moan out my sorrow
Here on his cold dank tomb ;
Just at the head
Of the narrow bed
I have planted the eagle's plume.
I will watch to-night,
And the young moon's light
Shall keep off the shadows and gloom.
Night winds sigh, "He has gone from the Indian
band."

Chant with me, stream,
Of my little star-beam,
Gone, gone to the spirit land.

MARY'S CHOICE.

Now listen ; you shall make a wish,
My gentle, blue-eyed Mary !
And it shall surely come to pass,
'Tis spoken by the fairy.
Within your little heart of hearts,
There is a secret yearning,
That life's dull lane, which you now tread,
Shall have a sudden turning.

Ah, yes ! like all the girls, you wish
For wedlock's golden chain,
And as I said to you before,
Your wish shall not be vain.
Now choose a home that you would like,
For I hold subtle power,
And be it palace, hall, or cot,
Your heart shall find its dower.

Say, would you like a palace, dear ?
There is old Sir Rupert Lyle,
With his carriages and horses,
Spreading wide his golden pile.
'Tis true he's grim and gray, but then
You'll drink from wealth's bright chalice ;

Say, bonny Mary, will you have
The gray-beard and his palace?

Or there's the Hall of Maplewood,
And John, the squire's son ;
'Tis but for you to say the word,
And the whole thing is done.
I know 'tis said he's mean and sour —
But then think of his gold ;
What matter, when a lady fine,
If your husband's heart is cold.

Or there's the cottage by the brook,
With its climbing rosy vines,
Where the birds sing the long summer day,
Neath the fragrant whisp'ring pines.
There's Charley Rose, the widow's son,
Ah! why that sudden start?
We know he bears a goodly name,
And owns a noble heart.

But then he's poor, though gaining fast
By the strength of his young arm ;
For Mr. Black said yesterday,
He'd sold to him his farm.
Ah, its settled, is it? — well, I'm sure,
I honor your true choice,
For in the heart of gold you've won,
You ever must rejoice.

LADY MAUD.

FAIR and grand is the Lady Maud
In her regal robes of pride,
And her dark eyes flash with a sudden scorn,
That the scorn their depths may hide ;
Yes, her dark eyes flash with a glance of scorn,
Though her heart hath whispered low.
She hath not the light of love and truth,
With her promise to bestow.

She hath pledged her hand to a noble name,
For the pride of her race runs high ;
But there is one her proud heart can stir,
With a glance of his eagle eye ;
But she turneth away with a haughty mien,
And her heart rebuketh stern,
Seeking to quench its hidden fire,
But the smothered embers burn.

She stands at the sacred altar
With the false words on her lips,
But the low voice does not falter,
Though her heart the poison sips.
She knows she has bartered gladness
And joy for a false, vain pride,

And o'er her heart looms sadness,
Though she stands a smiling bride.

Now the weary hours slow wearing,
She stifles her heart's wild cry,
When sees in its grand, proud bearing,
A kingly form pass by ;
And a haunting spectre rises
From the mist of her bitter scorn,
For the boon that her false heart prizes,
Is the love of the lowly born.

LET THE SUN SHINE IN YOUR HEART.

A SONG.

WOULD you see a world of beauty,
Let the sun shine in your heart,
And your vision will be clearer
By the bliss its rays impart.
What though clouds hang darkly o'er you,
Purple gloom is golden lined,
And the light will soon be breaking
Through the cloud its just behind.

Chorus. — Then let the sun shine in your heart,
And bid dull care and grief depart;
This world is not a desert vast,
And sorrow cannot always last.

What though troubles come not singly,
Need you o'er the black page pore?
Does it make your cares seem lighter
When you turn them o'er and o'er?
Sighing will avail you nothing,
Spread Hope's banner o'er the grave
Of departed joys, and strengthen
Your weak heart till it is brave.

Chorus. — Then let the sun shine in your heart, etc.

330 LET THE SUN SHINE IN YOUR HEART.

Would you see the flowers of friendship
 Blooming in the human heart,
Would you see the joy and gladness
 Smiles of hope and trust impart,
Stand straight up beneath your burden,
 Trouble is the lot of man,
Let your will be firm and steady,
 Mortal life is but a span.

Chorus. — Then let the sun shine in your heart, etc.

Would you have your burden lighter,
 Cast all shadows from your brow ;
Search not darkly through the future,
 Make your soul some comfort now.
Waste not years in vain repining,
 Time's fair tide will not return ;
Let your staff be sweet contentment,
 Till your earth-lamp cease to burn.

Chorus. — Then let the sun shine in your heart, etc.

ALICE, THE MANIAC.

SADLY she wanders o'er mountain and moorland,
Seeking a rest that she never can find ;
Weird are the songs, and wild are the fancies,
That crowd thick and fast through her poor ruined
mind.

Wrapped in her mantle of manifold colors,
Streaming in tangles her faded brown hair,
Crowned with a garland of straw, she advances,
Alice, the maniac, once Alice the fair.

To her bosom she presses a close folded garment,
Wrapped in the robes once worn by her child ;
She tenderly claims it her own darling infant,
And sings to it songs that are mournful and wild.
Hark ! as she comes, the sad strain is ringing,
Wildly the notes from her pallid lips flow —
Smile not, ye favored ; in pity regard her,
She has drank deep from the chalice of woe.

Ever the tale of her sorrow is rising,
Though long years have passed since the anguish
she knew,
And her heart that has throbbed with love's tender
emotion,
Still to its measure beats steady and true.

Harmless and gentle, in freedom she wanders
O'er mountain and moor, though the tempest is
strong ;
Now she stands gazing upon the bright water,
We will draw near and list to her song.

Sleep ! sleep ! sleep !
Forever on my breast,
While I my lost one seek,
And never, never rest.
The world may scorn my song,
I heed not frown or smile,
The whispering winds alone
My sorrows can beguile.
In my father's halls of pride
I danced last night in joy.
I was a happy bride,
And my bliss found no alloy ;
My lost one, too, was there,
And the stars were blazing bright ;
His soft voice whispered low,
That no clouds my life should blight.
'Twas a sweet, sweet, happy dream,
And the years flew swiftly by ;
Then on a golden morn
You on my breast did lie.
Sleep ! baby, sleep !
Thy father's joy and pride,
But with treacherous arts they came
And bore you from my side.

'Twas she of the midnight hair,
Who stole my husband's heart,
Took the sunshine from my life,
And hurled the piercing dart.
Then they said my child was dead,
But I tore it from the grave ;
Now I will thy father seek
Far across the ocean wave.
Sleep ! sleep ! sleep !
My heart shall rock thee still,
Till we gain the lost, lost love,
That does my bosom thrill.
Will the daylight never come ?
The sky is ever black !
When the sun shines out again,
I shall find the lost one's track.
The winds and waves are free,
Together we will sing,
And the echo of our song shall float
On the tempest's ebon wing,
Till the lost one hears my voice,
And to my heart shall spring.
Sleep ! baby, sleep !
Sleep and never wake,
Till the glittering clouds of joy
O'er thy mother's head shall break !
Sleep ! sleep ! sleep !

HAPPIER THAN A KING.

YES, happier than a king am I,
And I can prove it, too !
Come with me o'er this clover field,
Bright with the morning dew.
Behold that little snow-white cot,
Where wild vines love to roam ;
It is the grandest spot on earth,
It is my heart's sweet home !

Half hid among the trees it stands,
Behind, the garden grows ;
Look ! now, upon the porch you'll see,
My Lily and my Rose ;
Two laughing, romping, roguish sprites,
So full of life and glee
Good friend of mine, my wife and girls
Make heaven on earth for me !

Their love is worth more than the crown
Of any mighty king ;
No troubling thought could linger long
Where their glad voices ring ;
They're waiting now, to welcome me ;
Rose will bring out my chair,

And Lily, she will get the comb,
To fix her papa's hair.

May be the laughing rogue will steal
To bring mamma, to see
The great wild Indian she has made
Her papa out to be ;
And then with soft and gentle touch,
She'll smooth it in a trice,
And shout, "Mamma ! oh, come and see
If papa don't look nice !"

Sometimes with paper I sit down
To read, then doze away,
And soon the rogues some quiet prank
On me are sure to play ;
Lily, with feather at my ear,
Straws in the hand of Rose !
With smothered laugh they'll cry, "Papa !
A fly is on your nose. "

These may seem small and simple things,
But let me tell you, friend,
It is the simple things of life,
Make up its perfect end ;
What is a home where peace and love
Reign not with tender mirth ?
But strife and discord in their stead,
Make up a hell on earth.

That is my orchard, this my field,
There stands my horse and cow ;
I've sheep and pigs, and ducks and geese,
And a hundred hens, just now ;
I've birds and bees, and fruit and flowers,
I've fish in yon bright stream ;
I've dog and gun, and heart so light,
Life seems a glorious dream !

I've pure, free air, and sunshine bright,
And health and strength and hope,
And not a thought that my dear ones
With want may have to cope.
My treasures lie within my heart,
I've joy-light in my door ;
What would you have a mortal ask
On earth, to bless him more ?

You have a home, good friend of mine,
A stately city home !
Yet from its royal pomp and pride,
You ever gladly roam ;
I never leave my humble roof
E'en for a single day,
But that the time seems far too long,
That I must stay away.

I am not rich ! but yet it seems
My wants are all supplied ;
And with my humble lot on earth
My soul is satisfied.

Night brings no anxious shade of care,
To round my pillow fling ;
Now, friend, have I not proved to you
I'm happier than a king ?

THE FAIRIES' CASTLE.

A FABLE.

THE Fairies built a castle grand,
Upon a gleaming golden strand ;
Then gazed in pride, with vision bright,
Upon the glowing walls of light.
'Twas perfect in each outward part,
With beauty to content the heart,
While from its stately, towering side,
The shining portals opened wide.

Then spake the queen of the great band,
Our castle rises o'er the land,
But we will build no shining stairs,
Lest mortals find us unawares,
And seek our skill to imitate,
In spite of all the bars of Fate.
And lest they should in Fancy's cars,
E'er seek to ride among the stars,
We'll make the walls a subtle shade,
That at the mortal touch will fade ;
And leave them groping in the dark,
Without a ray the spot to mark.
And thus a lesson they shall gain,
Of earthly dreams and visions vain,

Nor seek to grasp the brightest things,
Till they have, like the eagle, wings.
We'll name our castle "Lasting joy,"
Which touch of earth would sure destroy.

But mortals spy the silver gate,
And so, in spite the bars of Fate,
They seek to build a castle fair,
With turrets towering high in air.
They send the subtle workmen out,
Nor stop to wrestle with a doubt.
When all a finished aspect wears,
They seek to mount, but find no stairs,
No golden ladder reaching high,
That they may gain the height thereby.
They gaze upon the vision bright,
They see the glowing walls of light;
And eager seek the prize to gain,
But all their climbing proves in vain.
And as they gaze, the structure fades,
And darker grow the creeping shades;
The radiant portals sink away,
The golden columns turn to gray,
The gleaming turrets crumble down,
And nought but sullen shadows frown.
And mortals all the lesson gain,
To grasp for lasting joy is vain,
For e'er they reach the radiant prize,
The storm clouds creep o'er shining skies.
Thus, life's dark shade of care is given,
To turn man's thoughts from earth to heaven.







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